A U M

I know, O Arjuna, all the beings who have been, all that now are, and all that shall hereafter be; but there is not one amongst them who knoweth me. The enjoyments which proceed from the operations of the senses are wombs of future pain.—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

THEOSOPHY

Vol. V MAY, 1917 No. 7

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Lucifer 8-29

"Yours till Death and after—H. P. B."*

SUCH has been the manner in which our beloved teacher and friend always concluded her letters to me. And now, though we are all of us committing to paper some account of that departed friend and teacher, I feel ever near and ever potent the magic of that resistless power, as if a mighty rushing river, which those who wholly trusted her always came to understand. Fortunate indeed is that Karma which, for all the years since I first met her, in 1875, has kept me faithful to the friend who, masquerading under the outer *mortal* garment known as H. P. Blavatsky, was ever faithful to me, ever kind, ever the teacher and the guide.

In 1874, in the City of New York, I first met H. P. B. in this life. By her request, sent through Colonel H. S. Olcott, the call was made in her rooms in Irving Place, when then, as afterwards, through the remainder of her stormy career, she was surrounded by the anxious, the intellectual, the bohemian, the rich and the poor. It was her eye that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories had obscured, but as one who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. It was as if but the evening before we had

*This article first appeared in *Lucifer* for June, 1891.

parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe. Others I know have looked with suspicion on an appearance they could not fathom, and though it is true they adduce many proofs which, hugged to the breast, would damn sages and gods, yet it is only through blindness they failed to see the lion's glance, the diamond heart of H. P. B.

The entire space of this whole magazine would not suffice to enable me to record the phenomena she performed for me through all these years, nor would I wish to put them down. As she so often said, they prove nothing, but only lead some souls to doubt and others to despair. And again, I do not think they were done just for me, but only that in those early days she was laying down the lines of force all over the land and I, so fortunate, was at the centre of the energy and saw the play of forces in visible phenomena. The explanation has been offered by some too anxious friends that the earlier phenomena were mistakes in judgment, attempted to be rectified in later years by confining their area and limiting their number, but until some one shall produce in the writing of H. P. B. her concurrence with that view, I shall hold to her own explanation made in advance and never changed. That I have given above. For many it is easier to take refuge behind a charge of bad judgment than to understand the strange and powerful laws which control in matters such as these.

Amid all the turmoil of her life, above the din produced by those who charged her with deceit and fraud and others who defended, while month after month, and year after year, witnessed men and women entering the theosophical movement only to leave it soon with malignant phrases for H. P. B., there stands a fact we all might imitate—devotion absolute to her Master. "It was He," she writes, "who told me to devote myself to this, and I will never disobey and never turn back."

In 1888 she wrote to me privately:—

"Well, my *only* friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it—in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of being ever on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what *I have* to do. I live an artificial life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then—good-bye! . . . Night before last I was shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Societies. I saw a few earnest reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general, with other—nominal but ambitious—Theosophists. The former are greater in numbers than you may think,

and *they prevailed,* as you in *America will prevail,* if you only remain staunch to the Master's programme and true to yourselves. And last night I saw * * * and now I feel strong—such as I am in my body—and ready to fight for Theosophy and the few *true* ones to my last breath. The defending forces have to be judiciously—so scanty they are—distributed over the globe, wherever Theosophy is struggling against the powers of darkness."

Such she ever was; devoted to Theosophy and the Society organized to carry out a programme embracing the world in its scope. Willing in the service of the cause to offer up hope, money, reputation, life itself, provided the Society might be saved from every hurt, whether small or great. And thus bound body, heart and soul to this entity called the Theosophical Society, bound to protect it at all hazards, in face of every loss, she often incurred the resentment of many who became her friends, but would not always care for the infant organization as she had sworn to do. And when they acted as if opposed to the Society, her instant opposition seemed to them to nullify professions of friendship. Thus she had but few friends, for it required a keen insight, untinged with personal feeling, to see even a small part of the real H. P. Blavatsky.

But was her object merely to form a Society whose strength should lie in numbers? Not so. She worked under directors who, operating from *behind the scene,* knew that the Theosophical Society was, and was to be, the nucleus from which help might spread to all the people of the day, without thanks and without acknowledgment. Once, in London, I asked her what was the chance of drawing the people into the Society in view of the enormous disproportion between the number of members and the millions of Europe and America who neither knew of nor cared for it. Leaning back in her chair, in which she was sitting before her writing desk, she said:—

"When you consider and remember those days in 1875 and after, in which you could not find any people interested in your thoughts, and now look at the wide-spreading influence of theosophical ideas—however labelled—it is not so bad. We are not working merely that people may call themselves *Theosophists,* but that the doctrines we cherish may affect and leaven the whole mind of this century. This alone can be accomplished by a small earnest band of workers, who work for no human reward, no earthly recognition, but who, supported and sustained by a belief in that Universal Brotherhood of which our Masters are a part, work steadily, faithfully, in understanding and putting forth for consideration the doctrines of life and duty that have come down to us from immemorial time. Falter not so long as a few devoted ones will work to keep the nucleus existing. You were not directed to found and realise a Universal Brotherhood, but to form the nucleus for one; for it is only when the nucleus is formed that

the accumulations can begin that will end in future years, however far, in the formation of that body which we have in view."

H. P. B. had a lion heart, and on the work traced out for her she had the lion's grasp; let us, her friends, companions and disciples, sustain ourselves in carrying out the designs laid down on the trestle-board, by the memory of her devotion and the consciousness that behind her task there stood, and still remain, those Elder Brothers who, above the clatter and the din of our battle, ever see the end and direct the forces distributed in array for the salvation of "that great orphan—Humanity".

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.

HOW AN AGNOSTIC SAW HER*

FROM stale, grey London we were whirled out among the green fields and through masses of fruit trees white as the vesture of Soracte's† hill, that day we followed to the furnace the mortal remains of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Away we were whirled through plains grazed by fat oxen that would have made a holocaust worthy to have celebrated the victory of Platæa, and through a gloomy plantation of resinous pine that would have made a funeral pyre for Patroclus. And, from among the bushes, the birds sang as merrily as they did erst in Eden, and the primroses prinkt the green slopes as fragrantly and daintily as in the old romantic days, when they bore up the dancing feet of Titania and Oberon beneath the light of the moon.

And on we sped with our dead through that blue-skied afternoon in the month of May. We bore no warrior to the pyre. We needed no oxen and resinous pine. We hasted to a mortuary furnace more intense than ever reddened the heavens round Ilium, or rendered Gehenna hideous with unctuous smoke and the odour of smouldering bones.

We were accompanying to the flames an oracle, a sphinx, or a sibyl, rather than anything that the world commonly produces in its ordinary villages and towns. We accompanied the remains of what erst was the madcap girl of Ekaterinoslow, who, with nuptial withes, had, as a freak, tied her wild and impetuous young heart to that of tame and frosty age; and had since, in every realm of this planet of ours, thought and toiled and suffered, and had been misunderstood and calumniated. She felt her strength, and knew the weakness of the chattering imbeciles that, in the census-return, make up the millions of a country's population. Mabel Collins tells the truth when she says that Madame Blavatsky had a contempt

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* This article appeared in *Lucifer* for June, 1891.
† *Vide* Hor., Ode ix.

for mankind; but forgets to say that it was an affectionate contempt. She was neither pessimist nor misanthropist. She was simply an upright and romantically honest giantess, who measured herself with the men and women with whom she came in contact, and felt the contrast, and was not hypocrite enough to pretend she did not feel it. But she did not call even those who reviled and wronged her by a more bitter epithet than "flapdoodles". Such assailants as even the Coulombs and Dr. Coues she referred to with expressions equivalent to "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do", even when these assailants were doing their best to cut her, soul and body, with numerous and ghastly wounds, and to fill them with salt and salve them with vitriol.

She had no more rancour against the "flapdoodles" than I have against my butt, "Mr. John Smith, nonconformist and cheesemonger"; and my ill-will towards him is shown by my working away for him year after year barring up my path to literary renown and worldly success, and becoming prematurely blind and grey-haired, wrinkled and old, for his sake. If Madame Blavatsky, like every other ambitious man and woman, had flattered the "flapdoodles" and catered to their prejudices, they would have paid her for her services and awarded her the kind of excellently stale character that would obtain one a situation as a Methodist preacher. But she was not one of the Methodist preacher type, and they give her a character (*vide* Coues and others) that would obtain for the very devil a more exalted position in hell. She declined to place her feet in the very marks in which Mrs. Grundy trod, even as an eagle could not be made to walk for leagues on the hoof-prints of an ass. She at one time amused some gapers and gazers with specimens of home-made "miracles"; and these "miracles," light as a game at Nap, they elected to associate with Theosophy, which, compared with a frivolous game at Nap, is serious as the cannonading at Trafalgar. They judged her on the testimony of a snake she had warmed in her bosom, a Madame Coulomb, a renegade friend, the most venomous viper the world knows of, especially if the viper be a female one. And on the coilings and wrigglings and hissings of this adder they are mean enough and mediocre enough to base devilish aspersions against the strong, brave, and simple woman with the remains of whom we travel on to the furnace at Woking. Such was the tenour of my contemplations by the way.

One in a wagon-load of uncraped mourners, I reached the crematorium. It is a red-brick building, which, in appearance, seems a mongrel between a chapel, a tile-kiln and a factory chimney. You enter by a mortuary chapel, passing through which you emerge through heavy folding doors of oak, and find yourself in an apartment, in the middle of the floor of which, and end to you, there is a great iron object like the boiler of a locomotive, but supported by and embedded in masonry. The Theosophists crowd around this boiler-looking object with anxious but decorous curiosity, to

gratify which one of the attendants turned, on the end of the object, an iron snib, which left a circular orifice about the size of a crown piece. Those present looked in succession into this opening; most, I noticed, gave one quick glance, and turned away with an involuntary shudder. When it came to my turn to peep in I wondered not that my predecessors had shuddered. If Virgil or Milton or Dante had ever seen such an Inferno, they would never have written about the Inferno at all, relinquishing the theme as utterly ineffable. Inside that furnace was filled with towels of fire whisked by the arm of the very devil himself. I can look on a common furnace; but I shall never again peep through that iron eye-let into the viscera of hell.

As I was so contemplating, the hearse arrived and drew up on the gravel in front of the door of the mortuary chapel. Into the chapel the coffin was borne and laid upon an oaken tressel, and we all stood up and uncovered. The coffin was literally laden with and hidden in flowers, and a heavy perfume pervaded the air. Under those flowers lay the mortal remains of her who was dear to all of us, and had wielded a personal influence such as mere mediocrity, however amiable, could never have exercised. The *glamour* with which she evoked towards herself human respect and affection was a greater "miracle" than any her traducers have drawn our attention to. It was equalled only by the envenomed hate towards her with which she could apparently inspire her enemies. And how she could have enemies at all is a "miracle" to me; for, in spite of her tremendous attainments and unrivalled talent, she had not a vestige of pedantic assumption, and had the simple heart of a child. "Impostor" indeed! She was almost the only mortal I have ever met who was *not* an impostor. And the flagrant and apparent ignorance of those who styled her so is contemptible. They allege that she "founded a new religion". Where and when did either she or hers make such claim? On the authority of mendacious popular gossip, they allege that the "new religion" like the baleful old mockery of a religion that is in this country, by law established, was attested by thaumaturgy and miracle. They are ignorant of the very elements of Theosophy who make such a charge. Even if you were to take it for granted that, by a clever juggle, Madame Blavatsky found a tea-cup under the ground and mystically mended a trayful of broken china, the fact would have no more connection with Theosophy than Tenterden Church has with the Goodwin Sands, or lawn tennis with Christianity. Ye sneerers of cheap sneers, read "Isis Unveiled", "The Secret Doctrine", and the "Key to Theosophy", and you will find that Theosophy is, most likely, something too high for your comprehension, but something that is immeasurably removed from the possibility of being assisted by the legerdemain of a charlatan or the jugglery of a mountebank.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead, a young gentleman of refined features and much *spirituelle* of expression, stepped forward to the head of the

coffin of her to whom he had been private secretary and attached friend. There, in the most solemn hush, he read an impressive address impressively. As his silvery voice rose and fell in melancholy cadence, I was wafted away as in a vision to the glen where—

"In accents soft and calm,
Kilmahoe gave out the psalm,"

among the heathery hills of my own loved land, to sterner and less literate heretics who were persecuted with fire and steel, even as the heretics among whom I now stood were persecuted with sneering and calumny.

But, while thus musing, the door from the crematorium into the chapel opened, and four employees, who did not look exactly like either stokers or butchers, but had some resemblance to each, entered, and, in a businesslike manner, went two to each end of the tressel, and, raising it by its four handles, moved off with it through the doorway. Four Theosophists who had known and loved Madame Blavatsky, and had, like myself, found the grandest and the worst-abused woman in the world identical, followed her remains through that wide doorway down to the furnace. The mass of flowers wafted us another wealth of fragrance as they disappeared, and the great doorway was slammed and bolted with a decisive mastery suggestive of the fall of the portcullis in Hades.

Tressel, coffin, and flowers had gone. They were now behind that inexorable door, as also the mortal remains of the strongest, bravest, and noblest woman that shall ever grasp this poor trembling hand, all too mean and weak to write her obsequies. "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live. . . . Before he cast his shadow off his mortal coil, that pregnant course of anguish and illimitable pain, in him will men a great and holy Buddha honour. . . . When to the Permanent is sacrificed the mutable, the prize is thine: the drop returneth whence it came. The OPEN PATH leads to the changeless change—Nirvâna, the glorious state of Absoluteness, the Bliss past human thought."*

Since Madame Blavatsky's arrival in England the Theosophic movement has made steady progress, principally among the influential and educated; for, like Positivism, it offers no haven of mental indolence and moral lethargy for the unlettered and unthinking. The most notable English convert is Mrs. Annie Besant, whom we always predicted would, in time, relinquish the cold *this-worldism* of the Secularist.

Anyone with the capacity to recognize human greatness and to discern the *Shekinah* light of Genius—and this is written by one who has looked in the face of Carlyle—could not fail to know that the world held only one Madame Blavatsky. There was a charm in the sublime simplicity of her manner which drew her followers

* "The Voice of the Silence," translated and annotated by H. P. Blavatsky.

to her as the horse-shoe magnet attracts the steel filings. She struck you as a square-headed, rough-featured, stout, carelessly-draped, Oliver Cromwell-looking personage, as you sat alone with her over coffee and smoking with her cigarettes of her own making; but she had that overflow of soul which falls to the lot of few, and such as might, but for superior mental fibre and balance, have impelled her, like Wiertz and Blake, to ride on steeds of fire while the multitude deemed their genius dashed with madness. Hers had been a life of storm, toil, and unrest, which had left their autographs written cruelly upon her face, and had originated or accentuated incurable illness. She kept herself among us by taking doses of arsenic which would have killed the strongest. And yet she was cheerful and sociable, incapable of an ungenerous thought, and she had not a mean drop of blood in her veins.

Her manners and mode and matter of speech were far too unconventional for the drawing-room. She could use expressions of expletive force which are compatible with dashing dragoons rather than with simpering dudes. She had that tremendous strength of idiosyncrasy which can dispense with receiving lessons in deportment from the dancing-master. The feeble yew looks best when clipped and pruned; but the forest oak appears to most advantage in the possession of the full length and strength of his great arms with which he has grappled with the roaring storm.

Theosophy or no Theosophy, the most extraordinary woman of our century, or of any century, has passed away. Yesterday the world had one Madame Blavatsky—to-day it has none. The matrix of heredity environment in which she was moulded has been broken. Through the coming ages of time or eternity shall the shattered fragments of that matrix be gathered up and refixed, and another Helena Petrovna Hahn be born upon the earth, when the earth is sane enough not to misunderstand her, to persecute her, and seek to bury her name in a cataclysm of falsehood, hatred, and slander?

Any discriminating person who came in contact with her could easily understand why she was so dearly loved, and no less easily conjecture why she was so bitterly hated. She wore her heart upon her sleeve. Unfortunately for anyone who hopes to "get on" in this world, she did not possess even a single rag of the cloak of hypocrisy. She rattled away rather than conversed upon persons and principles in merry sarcasm and happy cynicism, but, to those who could understand her, without even a suspicion of bitterness or malevolence. She had none of that restrained precision in utterance in regard to friends and contemporaries which ladies in society adopt. She meant no ill, and so it did not occur to her that she could speak any evil. She was, if you like, too simple and ingenuous and straight-forward; she wanted in discretion; she was entirely lacking in hypocrisy; and thus she became an easy butt for the envenomed arrows of her traducers.

Now, through dark death and the crematorium fire, she has passed from among us, ye slanderers. Apart from the nobility of her soul and the magnitude of her achievements, I cherish dearly the memory of one I loved, of a misunderstood one whom I understood, and one of the very few who ever understood me. The mystery to which we are passing may be the richer for her presence; but this mediocre world of ours is all the poorer for her loss. Her demise falls heavily upon me who was of her brotherhood, but who do not share in the stoical consolations of her creed.

To her followers she is still alive. The Madame Blavatsky I knew "can in the mind of no Theosophist be confounded with the mere physical instrument which served it for but for one brief incarnation". But I lay not firm enough hold upon this doctrine for it to give consolation to me. The Madame Blavatsky I knew is *dead* to me. Of course, all that might be permanent or impermanent of her still whirls in the vortex of the universe; but she lives to me only as do others on the roll of the good and great, by the halo of her memory and the inspiration of her example. Her followers are gnostic on grave issues of teleology on which I am only agnostic. They have unbroken communion with their dead; but I am left to mourn. It is not for me to altogether overleap the barriers of sense, and, by the divine light of spiritual perception, behold help extended to me from that awful bourne from which no traveller returns. To me Madame Blavatsky is dead, and another shadow has fallen athwart my life, which has never had much sunshine to bless it.

SALADIN.
(In *Agnostic Journal.*)

Lucifer 222 6

PROVERBS FROM LUCIFER*

As the bee, injuring not the flower, its color, or scent, flies away taking the nectar; so let the wise man dwell upon the earth.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color but without scent, the fine words of him who does not act accordingly are fruitless.

One may conquer a thousand thousand men in battle, but him who conquers himself alone is the greatest victor.

Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred; hatred ceases only by love. This is an old rule.

Not by birth does one become low caste, not by birth does one become a Brahman; by his actions alone a man becomes low caste, by his actions alone a man becomes a Brahman.

* These proverbs were printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for May, 1890. The title used is our own.—ED. THEOSOPHY.

ECHOES FROM THE ORIENT

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE [OCCULTUS].

THEOSOPHY has long contemplated reprinting these valuable papers written by Mr. Judge for serial publication in *Kate Field's Washington,* and later printed in book form. The time has now arrived for placing them before the Theosophical public once more. They are unknown to many present-day Theosophists, and have been well-nigh forgotten by old students. Readers of THEOSOPHY will, we believe, find the *"Echoes"* of fascinating interest, as well as of great value. They are written in a "popular" style, but present Theosophical ideas truly and in such way as to stimulate thought in the reader. The volume from which this reprint is made is of the original edition of the book, copyrighted by William Q. Judge in the year 1890. The title page reads: "ECHOES FROM THE ORIENT, A BROAD OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHICAL DOCTRINES, BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE [OCCULTUS]. *Reprinted from Kate Field's Washington."* Then comes simply the name of *"The Aryan Press."* Below are the words, "New York: The Path, 132 Nassau St. 1890." The book is dedicated to "Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, with love and gratitude, by the author." [EDITORS THEOSOPHY.]

ANTECEDENT WORDS

THE title for these articles was chosen by Miss Kate Field when they were first sent for publication in her new paper, *Kate Field's Washington,* in January, 1890, and to her belongs all the credit for an appropriate name. The use of the *nom de plume* "Occultus" was also the suggestion of Miss Field, since it was intended that the personality of the author should be hidden until the series was completed.

The restrictions upon the treatment of the subject growing out of the popular character of the paper in which they were published precluded the detail and elaboration that would have been possible in a philosophical or religious periodical. No pretense is made that the subject of Theosophy as understood in the Orient has been exhaustively treated, for, believing that millions of years have been devoted by the sages who are the guardians of Theosophical truth to its investigation, I think no one writer could do more than to repeat some of the echoes reaching his ears.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, September, 1890.

I.

What appears to the Western mind to be a very strange superstition prevails in India about wonderful persons who are said to be of immense age, and who keep themselves secluded in places not accessible to the ordinary traveler. So long has this been current in India that the name applied to these beings is well known in the Sanskrit language: "Mahâtma," a compound of two words, *maha,*

great, and *âtma*, soul. The belief in the existence of such persons is not confined to the ignorant, but is shared by the educated of all castes. The lower classes look upon the Mahâtmas as a sort of gods, and think most of their wonderful powers and great age. The pundits, or learned class, and educated Hindûs in general, have a different view; they say that Mahâtmas are men or souls with unlimited knowledge of natural laws and of man's history and development. They claim also that the Mâhatmas—or Rishees, as they sometimes call them—have preserved the knowledge of all natural laws for ages, not only by tradition among their disciples, but also by actual records and in libraries existing somewhere in the many underground temples and passages in India. Some believers assert that there are also stores of books and records in secluded parts all over that part of Thibet which is not known to Europeans, access to them being possible only for the Mahâtmas and Adepts.

The credence given to such a universal theory grows out of an old Indian doctrine that man is a spiritual being—a soul, in other words—and that this soul takes on different bodies from life to life on earth in order at last to arrive at such perfect knowledge, through repeated experience, as to enable one to assume a body fit to be the dwelling-place of a Mahâtma or perfected soul. Then, they say, that particular soul becomes a spiritual helper to mankind. The perfected men are said to know the truth about the genesis of worlds and systems, as well as the development of man upon this and other planets.

Were such doctrines held only in India, it would be natural to pass the subject by with this brief mention. But when it is found that a large body of people in America and Europe hold the same beliefs, it is interesting to note such an un-Western development of thought. The Theosophical Society was founded in New York in 1875, with the avowed object of forming a nucleus for a Universal Brotherhood, and its founders state that they believe the Indian Mahâtmas directed them to establish such a society. Since its foundation it has gained members in all countries, including people of wealth as well as those in moderate circumstances, and the highly cultured also. Within its ranks there flourish beliefs in the Mahâtmas of India and in Reïncarnation and its twin doctrine, Karma. This last holds that no power, human or divine, can save one from the consequences of acts performed, and that in this life we are experiencing the results due to us for all acts and thoughts which were ours in the preceding incarnation.

This has brought out a large body of literature in books and magazines published in the United States, England, India, and elsewhere. Newspapers are published in the interest of the new-old cult in the vernacular of Hindûstan and also in old Ceylon. Even Japan has its periodicals devoted to the same end, and to ignore so wide-spread a movement would bespeak ignorance of the

factors at work in our development. When such an eminent authority as the great French savant, Emile Bournouf, says that the Theosophical movement must be counted as one of the three great religious influences in the world to-day, there is no need of an excuse for presenting its features in detail to readers imbued with the civilization of the West.

II.

In my former paper I merely hinted at the two principal doctrines promulgated by the Theosophical Society; it is well now to notice the fact that the Society itself was organized amid a shout of laughter, which at intervals ever since has been repeated. Very soon after it launched forth, its president, Col. H. S. Olcott, who during our late war was a familiar figure in Washington, found a new member in Baron Henry Louis de Palm, who died and obligingly left his body to the Colonel to be cremated. The funeral was held at Masonic Hall, New York, and attracted great attention. It was Theosophical in its character. Col. Olcott presided, a Spiritualist offered an invocation, and a Materialist read a service. All this, of course, drew forth satire from the press, but served the purpose of gaining some attention for the young Society. Its history since then has been remarkable, and it is safe to say that no other similar body in this century has drawn to itself so much consideration, stirred up such a thinking among people on mystical subjects, and grown so rapidly amid the loudest derision and against the fiercest opposition, within the short space of fifteen years.

While the press has been sneering and enemies have been plotting, the workers in the Society have established centers all over the world, and are to-day engaged persistently in sending out Theosophical literature into every nook and corner of the United States. A glance at the Theosophical map shows a line of Branches of the Society dotting a strip of this country which reaches from the city of New York to the Pacific Coast; at either end this belt spreads out to take in Boston and New Orleans in the East and San Francisco and San Diego in the West; while near the middle of the continent there is another accumulation of centers. This is claimed to be strictly and mystically Theosophical, because at each end of the magic line of effort and at its central point there is an accumulation of nuclei. It is a fact that the branches of the Society in America are rapidly running up into the first hundred. For some little time there existed in Washington a Branch of the Society called the Gnostic, but it never engaged in any active work. After it had been once incontinently dissolved by its president, who thereafter withdrew, leaving the presidency in the hands of another, the governing body of the American Theosophists formally dischartered the Gnostic, and its members joined other Branches. There is, however, to-day a

Washington Branch named boldly after the much lauded and belittled Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, while the Theosophical map shows an accumulation of influences in Washington that point to an additional Branch, and inquiry in official quarters discloses the fact that the matter is already mooted.

The Theosophical map of which I have spoken is a curiosity, an anomaly in the nineteenth century. Few of the members are allowed to see it; but those who are say that it is a register of the actual state, day by day, of the whole United States Section—a sort of weather map, with areas of pressure and Theosophical humidity in all directions. Where a Branch is well founded and in good condition, the spot or sensitive surface shows clearness and fixity. In certain places which are in a formative condition there is another appearance symptomatic of a vortex that may soon bring forth a Branch; while, wherever the principle of disintegration has crept into an existing organization, there the formerly bright and fixed spots grow cloudy. By means of this map, those who are managing the real growth of the movement can tell how it is going and aid it intelligently. Of course all this sounds ridiculous in our age; but, whether true or false, there are many Theosophists who believe it. A similar arrangement would be desirable in other branches of our civilization.

The grand theories of the Theosophists regarding evolution, human races, religions and general civilization, as well as the future state of man and the various planets he inhabits, should engage our more serious attention; and of these I propose to speak at another time.

III.

The first Echo from the burnished and mysterious East which reverberated from these pages sounded the note of Universal Brotherhood. Among the men of this day such an idea is generally accepted as vague and utopian, but one which it will do no harm to subscribe to; they therefore quickly assent, and as quickly nullify the profession by action in the opposite direction. For the civilization of to-day, and especially of the United States, is an attempt to accentuate and glorify the individual. The oft-repeated declaration that any born citizen may aspire to occupy the highest office in the gift of the nation is proof of this, and the Mahâtmas who guard the truth through the ages while nations are decaying, assert that the re-action is sure to come in a relapse into the worst forms of anarchy. The only way to prevent such a relapse is for men to really practice the Universal Brotherhood they are willing to accept with the tongue. These exalted beings further say that all men are—as a scientific and dynamic fact—united, whether they admit it or not; and that each nation suffers, on the moral as well as the physical plane, from the faults of all other nations, and receives benefit from the others also even against its

will. This is due to the existence of an imponderable, tenuous medium which interpenetrates the entire globe, and in which all the acts and thoughts of every man are felt and impressed, to be afterward reflected again. Hence, say the Adepts, the thoughts or the doctrines and beliefs of men are of the higher importance, because those that prevail among people of a low character are just as much and as easily reflected upon the earth as are the thoughts and beliefs of persons occupying a higher plane of culture.

This is a most important tenet, if true; for, with the aid of the discoveries just now admitted by science respecting hypnotism, we are at once able to see that an enormous hypnotizing machine is about. As this tenuous medium—called by men of the East "Akàsa" and by the mediæval philosophers the "Astral Light"—is entirely beyond our control, we are at the mercy of the pictures made in it and reflected upon us.

If to this we add the wonderfully interesting doctrine of Reïncarnation, remembering also that the images made in the Astral Light persist for centuries, it is at once seen that upon returning again to earth-life we are affected for good or evil by the conduct, the doctrine and the aspirations of preceding nations and men. Returning here now, for instance, we are moved, without our knowledge, by the impressions made in the Astral Light at the time when the Indians, the Spaniards and the harsh Puritans lived upon the earth. The words of the immortal Shakspere—

> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones,

receive a striking exemplification under this doctrine. For, as the evil thoughts and deeds are the more material and therefore more firmly impacted into the Astral Light, while the good, being spiritual, easily fade out, we are in effect at the mercy of the evil done. And the Adepts assert that Shakspere was, unconsciously to himself, inspired by one of their own number. I shall refer again to this branch of the subject. The scheme of evolution put forth by these beings and their disciples is so broad, deep and far-reaching as to stagger the ordinary mind. It takes in with ease periods of years running up into trillions and quadrillions. It claims that man has been on earth for millions of years more than science yet is willing to admit. It is not bound by the narrow scheme of biblical chronologists, nor startled by the magnificent age of civilizations which disappeared long ago. The keepers of this doctrine say that they and their predecessors lived in those older times, and have preserved not only the memory of them, but also complete records. These records, moreover, are not merely on perishable paper and palm leaf, but on imperishable stone. They point to such remains as the statues twenty-seven feet high found on Easter Island; to rows of gigantic statues in Asia, that by their varying heights show the gradual diminution of human stature, which kept pace with other degenerations; and, to crown

all, they say that they possess to-day in the East the immense and well guarded collections of records of all sorts. Not only are these records said to relate to the physical history of man, but also to his astral and spiritual evolution.

Before closing this paper, I can only indicate one of their basic doctrines in the scheme of evolution. That is, that the evolution of the inner, astral form of man came first in order, and continued for an immense number of years before his physical structure was built up around it. This, with other portions of the doctrine, is vital and will aid much in an understanding of the complex questions presented to us by the history of the human race, both that which is known and that which is still resting on conjecture.

IV.

The records to which in my last paper I referred, as having been kept by the Adepts and now in the possession of their present representatives and successors—Adepts also—relate not only to the birth of planets in this solar system, but also to the evolution and development of man, through the various kingdoms of nature, until he reaches the most perfect condition which can be imagined. The evolution of the human being includes not only the genesis of his mortal frame, but, as well, the history of the inner man, whom they are accustomed to call the real one.

This, then, brings us to a very interesting claim put forward for the Wisdom Religion, that it pretends to throw light not only upon man's emotions and mental faculties, but also upon his pre-natal and post-mortem states, both of which are of the highest interest and importance. Such questions as, "Where have I come from?" and, "What shall be my condition after death?" trouble and confuse the minds of all men, ignorant or cultured. Priests and thinkers have, from time to time, formulated theories, more or less absurd, as to those pre-natal and post-mortem states, while the Science of to-day laughs in derision at the idea of making any inquiry into the matter whatever. Theologians have offered explanations, all of which relate only to what they suppose will happen to us after death, leaving entirely out of view and wholly unanswered the natural question, "What were we before we were born here?" And, taking them on their own ground, they are in a most illogical position, because, having once postulated immortality for the soul—the real man—they cannot deny immortality in either direction. If man is immortal, that immortality could never have had a beginning, or else it would have an end. Hence their only escape from the dilemma is to declare that each soul is a special creation. But this doctrine of a special creation for each soul born upon the earth, is not dwelt upon or expounded by the priests, inasmuch as it is deemed better to keep it discreetly in the background.

The Wisdom Religion, on the other hand, remains logical from beginning to end. It declares that man is a spiritual being, and allows of no break in the chain of anything once declared immortal. The Ego of each man is immortal; "always was existent, always will be, and never can be non-existent;" appearing now and again, and reäppearing, clothed in bodies on each occasion different, it only appears to be mortal; it always remains the subtsratum and support for the personality acting upon the stage of life. And in those appearances as mortal, the questions mooted above—as to the pre-natal and post-mortem states—are of vital interest, because knowledge or ignorance concerning them alters man's thought and action while an actor on the stage, and it is necessary for him to know in order that he may so live as to aid in the grand upward sweep of the evolutionary wave.

Now the Adepts have for ages pursued scientific experimentation and investigation upon those lines. Seers themselves of the highest order, they have recorded not only their own actual experiences beyond the veil of matter, on both sides, but have collected, compared, analyzed and preserved the records of experiences of the same sort by hundreds of thousands of lesser seers, their own disciples; and this process has been going on from time immemorial. Let Science laugh as it may, the Adepts are the only true scientists, for they take into account every factor in the question, whereas Science is limited by brain-power, by circumstance, by imperfection of instruments, and by a total inability to perceive anything deeper than the mere phenomena presented by matter. The records of the visions and experiences of the greater and lesser seers, through the ages, are extant to-day. Of their mass, nothing has been accepted except that which has been checked and verified by millions of independent observations; and therefore the Adepts stand in the position of those who possess actual experimental knowledge of what precedes the birth of the Ego in a human form, and what succeeds when the "mortal coil" is cast away.

This recording of experiences still goes on; for the infinity of the changes of Nature in its evolution permits of no stoppage, no "last word," no final declaration. As the earth sweeps around the sun, it not only passes through new places in its orbit, but, dragged as it is by the sun through his greater orbit, involving millions of millions of years, it must in that larger circle enter upon new fields in space and unprecedented conditions. Hence the Adepts go farther yet and state that, as the phenomena presented by matter to-day are different from those presented a million years ago, so matter will in another million of years show different phenomena still. Indeed, if we could translate our sight to that time, far back in the past of our globe, we could see conditions and phenomena of the material world so different from those now surrounding us that it would be almost impossible to believe we had ever been in such a state as that then prevailing. And the

changes toward the conditions that will prevail at a point equally remote in advance of us, in time, and which will be not less than those that have occurred, are in progress now. Nothing in the material world endures absolutely unchanged in itself or its conditions, even for the smallest conceivable portion of time. All that *is*, is forever in process of *becoming* something else. This is not mere transcendentalism, but is an old established doctrine called, in the East, "the doctrine of the constant, eternal change of atoms from one state into another."

(*To be continued.*)

TWO SYSTEMS – OF LUST AND SORROW*

THE great Buddha referred to two systems for the government of life which he said were each ignoble, and one both ignoble and evil. One is the System of Lust, which is devotion to the enervating pleasures of sense; it was said by him to be vile, vulgar, unsound, ignominious, and productive of evil. Yet it is that which governs the lives of most people in these days.

The other extreme is the System of Sorrow. It consists of mortification of the flesh and of self torture in order to acquire knowledge and powers. This was extensively practised by Hindu ascetics in Buddha's time, and is to-day pursued to some extent. The Indian books are full of stories of the great powers over nature acquired by saints through the practice of austerities. Not ten years ago there died in India a certain Swami—or holy man—who was known as the Swami of Akalkot. He did many wonderful things, and nearly all of them known to young and old in India to-day. His powers were obtained through the use of the System of Sorrow. In the *Bhagavad-Gita* this practice is spoken of by Krishna, who declares that it is not the best method, although productive of great results.

Both of these systems were known practically to Gautama. As the Prince Siddhartha, he was surrounded by his father's order with every luxury to tempt the senses. There were gardens, flowers, jewels, music, animals, servants, and the most beautiful women. There are so many stories told of the magnificent things collected about him that we must infer for his youth a complete realisation of the System of Lust, or sensation, even if it was of the finer and more noble quality. This at last, pleased him not, and he entered on the practice of the System of Sorrow, which he declared, after he had obtained Nirvana, to be ignoble and unworthy of a true man. This he continued in until he had tried all the varieties.

* This article was first printed by William Q. Judge in *The Path* for November, 1888.

It was then that he decided on the middle path from which comes attainment to truth and Nirvana.

It is a well-known doctrine in the occult lodges of India that the same result can be obtained in two ways, by one extreme or the other. But in order to reach the end in those ways, great power is required,—more power than men in general possess. The reason is that, from the action of a law which may be roughly called The Law of Tendency, the extreme practice warps the being in such a manner that success is prevented. So, when one follows the System of Sorrow, he will indeed acquire great powers, such as those possessed by Viswamitra, Vasishta, and others, but with the greater number of cases it will all end at last in confusion.

The System of Lust has the same end and with no exception. For its tendency being downward, an impulse is set up that sends the man lower and lower with no hope of salvation.

In pursuing the middle course—that of moderation—Buddha did not ignore any department of his nature, for he says, "By five means have I seen these truths,—by the mental eye, by understanding, by wisdom, by science, and by intuition." Herein he agrees with the teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gita,* which tells us not to eat too much nor too little, not to oversleep nor to refuse proper sleep. Krishna says further, "Do necessary acts, ever remembering me. Fix your mind on me. Treat every creature as my tabernacle. This is the best devotion. In this path there is no ruggedness, no defeat."

The System of Moderation, then, is the best, for it clears the inner eye and strengthens every part of the nature. Theosophists, whether they are Buddhists or not, should remember this. Some are inclined to pursue an extreme course in one direction or another. Some say that the mental powers only are to be developed; others ignore those and claim that the spiritual alone should have attention. The latter err as well as the former. It is true that the spirit is the greater. But it is also true that the mental plane and powers cannot be obliterated unless we obliterate the Universe in the Night of Brahma. If we do not use the mental eye as Buddha directs, some day we will meet on the mental plane a new experience for which we are unprepared, and defeat shall be our portion. The true practice would prevent this. There are numerous instances of such disasters being thus caused. Ascetics of extraordinary powers have been brought into sin and contempt through experiences which were new to them because they lived forever on a plane where others of a different sort had place. It is only when salvation has been obtained that we can hope to be above the influence of all Karma.

> "Such is the Law * * *
> The heart of it is love; the end of it
> Is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!"

A BUDDHIST.

STUDIES IN ISIS UNVEILED

III.

SPIRITUAL IDENTITY.

The accompanying article is made up of textual extracts from Isis Unveiled, topically and sequentially arranged. The page references from which the statements are taken, are given at the conclusion of the article.—EDITORS.

THE *Ineffable Name,* in the search for which so many vainly consume their knowledge and lives, dwells latent in the heart of every man.

A man can have no god that is not bounded by his own human conceptions. The wider the sweep of his spiritual vision, the mightier will be his deity. But where can we find a better demonstration of Him than in man himself; in the spiritual and divine powers lying dormant in every human being? From the remotest antiquity mankind as a whole have always been convinced of the existence of a personal spiritual entity within the personal physical man. This inner entity was more or less divine, according to its proximity to the *crown*—Chrestos. This belief is neither bigotry nor superstition, only an ever-present, instinctive feeling of the proximity of another spiritual and invisible world, which, though it be subjective to the senses of the outward man, is perfectly objective to the inner ego. Humanity is the highest manifestation on earth of the Unseen Supreme Deity, and each man an incarnation of his God.

Is it enough for man to know that he exists? Is it enough to be formed a human being to enable him to deserve the appellation of MAN? To become a genuine spiritual entity, which that designation implies, man must first create himself anew, so to speak, *i. e.,* thoroughly eliminate from his mind and spirit, not only the dominating influence of selfishness and other impurity, but also the infection of superstition and prejudice. The latter is far different from what we call antipathy or sympathy. We are at first irresistibly or unwittingly drawn within its dark circle by that peculiar influence, that powerful current of magnetism which emanates from ideas as well as from physical bodies. By this we are surrounded, and finally prevented through moral cowardice—fear of public opinion—from stepping out of it. It is rare that men regard a thing in either its true or false light, accepting the conclusion by the free action of their own judgment. Quite the reverse. The conclusion is more commonly reached by blindly adopting the opinion current at the hour among those with whom they associate. The work now submitted to public judgment is offered to such as are willing to accept truth wherever it may be found, and to defend it, even looking popular prejudice straight in the face. The clergy apart, none but the logician, the investi-

gator, the dauntless explorer, should meddle with books like this. Such delvers after truth have the courage of their opinions.

When, years ago, we first traveled over the East, we came in contact with certain men, endowed with such mysterious power and such profound knowledge that we may truly designate them as the sages of the Orient. To their instructions we lent a ready ear. They showed us that by combining science with religion, the existence of God and immortality of man's spirit may be demonstrated like a problem of Euclid. The Oriental philosophy has room for no other faith than an absolute and immovable faith in the omnipotence of man's own immortal self. This omnipotence comes from the kinship of man's spirit with the Universal Soul—God! Science, theology, every human hypothesis and conception born of imperfect knowledge, lost forever their authoritative character in our sight.

Such knowledge is priceless; and it has been hidden only from those who overlooked it, derided it, or denied its existence. Our *Ego,* that which lives and thinks and feels independently of us in our mortal casket, does more than believe. It *knows* that there exists a God in nature, for the sole and invincible Artificer of all lives in us as we live in Him. No dogmatic faith or exact science is able to uproot that intuitional feeling inherent in man, when he has once fully realized it in himself. Difficult, nay, impossible, as it seems to science to find out the invisible, universal motor of all—*Life,* to explain its nature, or even to suggest a reasonable hypothesis for the same, the mystery is but half a mystery, not merely for the great adepts and seers, but even for the true and firm believers in a spiritual world. To the simple believer, there remains divine *faith.* The latter is firmly rooted in his inner senses; in his unerring intuition, with which cold reason has naught to do, he *feels* it cannot play him false. Let human-born, erroneous dogmas, and theological sophistry contradict each other; let one crowd off the other, and the subtile casuistry of one creed fell to the ground the crafty reasoning of another; truth remains one, and there is not a religion, whether Christian or heathen, that is not firmly built upon the rock of ages—God and immortal spirit.

"There is a *personal* God, and there is a *personal* Devil!" thunders the Christian preacher. "There is no personal God, except the grey matter in our brain," contemptuously replies the materialist, "and there is no Devil." Between Science and Theology is a bewildered public, fast losing all belief in man's personal immortality, in a deity of any kind, and rapidly descending to the level of mere animal existence.

Human nature is like universal nature in its abhorrence of a vacuum. It feels an intuitional yearning for a Supreme Power. Mankind have one innate, irrepressible craving. This is the yearning after the proofs of immortality. How could such a belief have stood for the countless ages, were it not that among all

nations, whether civilized or savage, man *has been* allowed the demonstrative proof? Is not the very existence of such a belief an evidence that thinking philosopher and unreasoning savage have both been compelled to acknowledge the testimony of their senses? Being forbidden to search for Him where alone His traces would be found, man filled the aching void with the personal God whom his spiritual teachers built up for him from the crumbling ruins of heathen myths and hoary philosophies of old. How otherwise explain the mushroom growth of new sects, some of them absurd beyond degree?

Sincere skepticism as to the immortality of man's soul is a malady, a malformation of the physical brain, and has existed in every age. As there are infants born with a caul upon their heads, so there are men who are incapable till their last hour of ridding themselves of that kind of caul evidently enveloping their organs of spirituality. Those who resign themselves to a materialistic existence, shutting out the divine radiance shed by their spirit, at the beginning of the earthly pilgrimage, and stifling the warning voice of that faithful sentry, the conscience, which serves as a focus for the light in the soul—such beings as these, having left behind conscience and spirit, and crossed the boundaries of matter, will of necessity have to follow its laws.

We are at the bottom of a cycle and evidently in a transitory state. Plato divides the intellectual progress of the universe during every cycle into fertile and barren periods. During the barren periods the spiritual sight of the majority of mankind is so blinded as to lose every notion of the superior power of its own divine spirit. We are in a barren period: the eighteenth century, during which the malignant fever of skepticism broke out so irrepressibly, has entailed unbelief as an hereditary disease upon the nineteenth. The divine intellect is veiled in man; his animal brain alone *philosophizes*.

Reason, the outgrowth of the physical brain, develops at the expense of instinct—the flickering reminiscence of a once divine omniscience—spirit. Reason avails only for the consideration of material things; it is incapable of helping its possessor to a knowledge of spirit. In losing instinct, man loses his intuitional powers, which are the crown and ultimatum of instinct. Reason is the clumsy weapon of the scientists—intuition the unerring guide of the seer. The brain feeds and lives and grows in strength and power at the expense of its spiritual parent. It aims but at the development and fuller comprehension of natural, earthly life; and thus, can discover but the mysteries of physical nature. Its grief and fear, hope and joy, are all closely blended with its terrestrial existence. It ignores all that cannot be demonstrated by either its organs of action or sensation. It begins by becoming virtually dead; it dies at last completely. *It is annihilated.* When death arrives, there is no more a soul to liberate. The whole essence of the latter has already been absorbed by the vital system of the

physical man. Our present cycle is pre-eminently one of such soul-deaths. We elbow soulless men and women at every step in life.

There are revelations of the spiritual senses of man which may be trusted far more than all the sophistries of materialism. Instinct is more to be trusted than the most instructed and developed reason, as regards man's *inner* sense which assures him of his immortality. Instinct is the universal endowment of nature by the Spirit of the Deity itself; reason, the slow development of our physical constitution, an evolution of our adult material brain. Instinct, as a divine spark, grows and develops according to the law of the double evolution, physically and spiritually. It is the *divine instinct* in its ceaseless progress of development.

But, if the knowledge of the occult powers of nature opens the spiritual sight of man, and leads him unerringly to a profounder veneration for the Creator, on the other hand ignorance, dogmatic narrow-mindedness, and a childish fear of looking to the bottom of things, invariably leads to fetish-worship and superstition. Within the limits of his intellectual capabilities the true philosopher knows no forbidden ground, and should be content to accept no mystery of nature as inscrutable and inviolable. Fanaticism in religion, fanaticism in science, or fanaticism in any other question becomes a hobby, and cannot but blind our senses. "There is no more fatal fallacy than that the truth will prevail by its own force, that it has only to be seen to be embraced. In fact the desire for the actual truth exists in very few minds, and the capacity to discern it in fewer still. When men say they are seeking the truth, they mean that they are looking for evidence to support some prejudice or prepossession. Their beliefs are moulded to their wishes. They see all, and more than all, that seems to tell for that which they desire; they are blind as bats to whatever tells against them. The scientists are no more exempt from this common failing than are others."

Many men have arisen who have had glimpses of the truth, and fancied they had it all. Such have failed to achieve the good they might have done and sought to do, because vanity has made them thrust their personality into such undue prominence as to interpose it between their believers and the *whole* truth that lay behind. The world needs no sectarian church, whether of Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, Swedenborg, Calvin, or any other. There being but ONE Truth, man requires but one church—the Temple of God within us, walled in by matter, but penetrable by any who can find the way; *the pure in heart see God.* If by *Christianity* is meant the external religious forms of worship, then in the eyes of every truly religious man, who has studied ancient exoteric faiths, and their symbology, Christianity is pure heathenism, and Catholicism, with its fetish-worshipping, is far worse and more pernicious than Hinduism in its most idolatrous aspect. The everlasting conflict between the world-religions—Christianity, Judaism, Brahmanism,

Paganism, Buddhism, proceeds from this one source: Truth is known but to the few; the rest, unwilling to withdraw the veil from their own hearts, imagine it blinding the eyes of their neighbor. The god of every exoteric religion, including Christianity, notwithstanding its pretensions to mystery, is an idol, a fiction, and cannot be anything else.

There never was, nor can there be more than one universal religion; for there can be but one truth concerning God. Like an immense chain whose upper end, the alpha, remains invisibly emanating from a Deity—*in statu absconditu* with every primitive theology—it encircles our globe in every direction; it leaves not even the darkest corner unvisited, before the other end, the omega, turns back on its way to be again received where it first emanated. On this divine chain was strung the exoteric symbology of every people. Their variety of form is powerless to affect their substance, and under their diverse ideal types of the universe of matter, symbolizing its vivifying principles, the uncorrupted immaterial image of the spirit of being guiding them is the same. So far as human intellect can go in the ideal interpretation of the spiritual universe, its laws and powers, the last word was pronounced ages since. Let human brains submit themselves to torture for thousands of years to come; let theology perplex faith and mime it with the enforcing of incomprehensible dogmas in metaphysics; and science strengthen skepticism by pulling down the tottering remains of spiritual intuition in mankind, with her demonstrations of its fallibility, eternal truth can never be destroyed. True philosophy and divine truth are convertible terms. A religion which dreads the light cannot be a religion based on either truth or philosophy—hence, it must be false. The ancient Mysteries were mysteries to the profane only, whom the hierophants never sought nor would accept as proselytes; to the initiates the Mysteries became explained as soon as the final veil was withdrawn. No mind like that of Pythagoras or Plato would have contented itself with an unfathomable and incomprehensible mystery, like that of the Christian dogma.

Kapila, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato, Basilides, Marcian, Ammonius and Plotinus, founded schools and sowed the germs of many a noble thought, and disappearing left behind them the refulgence of demi-gods. But the three personalities of Christna, Gautama, and Jesus appeared like true gods, each in his epoch, and bequeathed to humanity three religions built on the imperishable rock of ages. That all three, especially the Christian faith, have in time become adulterated, and the latter almost unrecognizable, is no fault of either of the noble Reformers. It is the priestly self-styled husbandmen of the "vine of the Lord" who must be held to account by future generations. Purify the three systems of the dross of human dogmas, the pure essence remaining will be found identical. Gautama-Buddha is mirrored in the precepts of Christ;

Paul and Philo Judaeus are faithful echoes of Plato; and Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus won their immortal fame by combining the teachings of all these grand masters of true philosophy. "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good," ought to be the motto of all brothers on earth. Not so is it with the interpreters of the Bible.

Seers, righteous men, who had attained to the highest science of the inner man and the knowledge of truth, have, like Marcus Antoninus, received instructions "from the gods," in sleep and otherwise. Helped by the purer spirits, those that dwell in "regions of eternal bliss," they have watched the process and warned mankind repeatedly. Skepticism may sneer; *faith,* based on *knowledge* and spiritual science, believes and affirms. Spiritual Life is the one primordial principle *above;* Physical Life is the primordial principle *below,* but they are one under their dual aspect. When the Spirit is completely untrammelled from the fetters of correlation, and its essence has become so purified as to be reunited with its CAUSE, it may—and yet who can tell whether it really will—have a glimpse of the Eternal Truth. Till then, let us not build ourselves idols in our own image, and accept the shadows for the Eternal Light.

A man's idea of God is that image of blinding light that he sees reflected in the concave mirror of his own soul, and yet this is not, in very truth, God, but only His reflection. His glory is there, but it is the light of his own Spirit that the man sees, and it is all that he can bear to look upon. The clearer the mirror, the brighter will be the divine image. In the ecstatic Yogin, in the illuminated Seer, the spirit will shine like the noon-day sun; in the debased victim of earthly attraction, the radiance has disappeared, for the mirror is obscured with the stains of matter. Such men deny their God, and would willingly deprive humanity of soul at one blow.

The profoundest and most transcendental speculations of the ancient metaphysicians are all based on that great principle underlying the whole of their religious metaphysics—*illusion* of the senses. Everything that is finite is illusion, all that which is infinite and eternal is reality. The objects of sense being ever delusive and fluctuating, cannot be a reality. Spirit alone is unchangeable, hence—alone is no illusion. The Hermetic axiom maintains that only the First Cause and its direct emanations, our spirits, are incorruptible and eternal. Christos, as a unity, is but an abstraction representing the collective aggregation of the numberless spirit-entities, which are the direct emanations of the infinite, invisible, incomprehensible FIRST CAUSE—the individual spirits of men, erroneously called the souls. They are the divine sons of God, of which some only overshadow mortal men—but this the majority—some remain forever planetary spirits, and some—the smaller and rare minority—unite themselves during life with some

men. Such God-like beings as Gautama-Buddha, Jesus, Tissoo, Christna, and a few others had united themselves with their spirits permanently—hence they became gods on earth. Others, such as Moses, Pythagoras, Apollonius, Plotinus, Confucius, Plato, Iamblichus, and some Christian saints, having at intervals been so united, have taken rank in history as demi-gods and leaders of mankind. The Greek Logos, the Hebrew Messiah, the Latin Verbum, and the Hindu Viradj are identically the same. They represent an idea of collective entities—of flames detached from the one eternal centre of light.

It is by the spirit of the teachings of both Buddha and Pythagoras, that we can so easily recognize the identity of their doctrines. The all-pervading, universal soul, the *Anima Mundi,* is Nirvana; and Buddha, as a generic name, is the anthropomorphized *monad* of Pythagoras. When resting in Nirvana, the final bliss, Buddha is the silent monad, dwelling in darkness and silence; he is also the formless Brahm, the sublime but *unknowable* Deity, which pervades invisibly the whole universe. Whenever it is manifested, desiring to impress itself upon humanity in a shape intelligent to our intellect, whether we call it an *avatar,* or a King Messiah, or a permutation of Divine Spirit, Logos, Christos, it is all one and the same thing. In each case it is "the Father" who is in the *Son,* and the Son in "the Father." The immortal spirit overshadows the mortal man. It enters into him, and pervading his whole being, makes of him a god, who descends into his earthly tabernacle. Every man may become a Buddha, says the doctrine. And so throughout the interminable series of ages we find now and then men who more or less succeed in *uniting* themselves "with God" as the expression goes, with their *own spirit,* as we ought to translate. The Buddhists call such men *Arhat.* Though the individual human spirits are numberless, collectively they are one, as every drop of water drawn out of the ocean, metaphorically speaking, may have an individual existence, and still be one with the rest of the drops going to form that ocean; for each human spirit is a scintilla of the one all-pervading light. This divine spirit animates the flower, the particle of granite on the mountain side, the lion, the man. The same spirit that animates the particle of dust, lurking latent in it, animates man, manifesting itself in him in its highest state of activity. This doctrine of God being the universal mind diffused through all things underlies all ancient philosophies.

Who is better fitted to impart to us the mysteries of after-death, so erroneously thought impenetrable, than these men who having, through self-discipline and purity of life and purpose, succeeded in uniting themselves with their "God," were afforded some glimpses, however imperfect, of the great truth? The love of truth is inherently the love of good; and so predominating over every desire of the soul, purifying it and assimilating it to the di-

vine, thus governing every act of the individual, it raises man to a participation and communion with Divinity.

Men possessed of such knowledge and exercising such powers patiently toiled for something better than the vain glory of a passing fame. Seeking it not, they became immortal, as do all who labor for the good of the race, forgetful of mean self. Illuminated with the light of eternal truth, these rich-poor alchemists fixed their attention upon the things that lie beyond the common ken, recognizing nothing inscrutable but the First Cause, and finding no question unsolvable. To dare, to know, to will, and REMAIN SILENT, was their constant rule; to be beneficent, unselfish, and unpretending were, with them, spontaneous impulses. Disdaining the rewards of petty traffic, spurning wealth, luxury, pomp, and worldly power, they aspired to knowledge as the most satisfying of all acquisitions.

NOTE.—The volume and page references to Isis Unveiled, from which the foregoing article is compiled, are, in the order of the excerpts, as follows: ii, 343; ii, 567; ii, 593; ii, 374; i, 39; i, v; ii, iv; i, vi; i, vii; i, 36; i, 467; i, 36; i, x; i, 36-7; i, 115; i, 328; i, 247; i, 433; ii, 368-9; i, 424; i, 425; ii, 41; i, 402; i, 615; ii, 635; ii, 80; i, 307; i, 560; i, 561; ii, 121; ii, 536; ii, 84; ii, 369; ii, 402; i, xviii; ii, 157; ii, 158; i, 502; ii, 159; ii, 158-9; i, 291; i, 292; i, 289; i, 292; i, xiii; i, 66-7.

ARE BACILLI ANYTHING NEW?*

TRULY may one query in the words of Solomon: "Is there anything whereof it may be said: See, this is new!" Thus, it is to the modern discoverer and the proud patentee, that the wise words in *Ecclesiastes* apply: "The thing that hath been, *it is* that which shall be; that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the Sun." Koch and Kochists, and all ye modern Attilas of that interesting creature called Microbe and Bacillus, and what not, down with your diminished heads, you are not its discoverers! Like as the heliocentric system was known thousands of years before the Christian era to be *rediscovered* by Galileo, so the invisible foreigners on which you are now making a raid, were known in dark antiquity. The infinitesimal insect you are insectating is spoken of by a Latin poet in the first century B. C. Just turn to the pages of P. Terentius Varro (39 B. C.; *Rerum Rusticarum* I, iii.) and see what the famous Atacinus says of your tubercular and other bacilli:—

"Small creatures, invisible to the eye, fill the atmosphere in marshy localities, and penetrating with the air breathed through the nose and mouth, into the human organism, cause thereby dangerous diseases."

Just so: *the thing that hath been, it is that which is.*

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* This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for April, 1891.

AROUND THE TABLE

"IT'S easy enough to laugh at him, Boys and Girls, and I can't forbear a few chuckles on my own account," said Mentor. "But unless you youngsters get the lesson that lies behind our little experience of tonight, you will need some criticism yourselves."

"You're a great one to talk," laughed Big Brother, "I believe you knew he was a clergyman all the time."

There was a shout of laughter at this from the assembled Family, Mentor vigorously putting in his disclaimer.

"What's the joke, Folks?" asked the Doctor, just coming into the general hilarity, drawing off his gloves and throwing them, with his coat, into the nearest chair.

"The children have been out calling," answered Mother, "and going on like this ever since they got in, ten minutes ago. I haven't been able to get head or tail out of it yet; but I guess it's all right, because Mentor was with them."

"Tell us about it, won't you, Mentor?" she continued, looking over to her old friend who was wiping his eyes, spectacles in hand, "What *have* you children been up to?"

"Let *him* tell it," chuckled Mentor, pointing with his glasses at Big Brother, who delightedly grinned back at him.

"I should *think* you'd say so," said the latter, "for you were the worst one of us."

"Come, Son, unload the story," broke in Doctor. "It's getting late and I'm for bed; but if Mentor has been poking a little sweet fun at somebody, I want to take the tale with me for a nightcap."

The Family settled down in the shabby, comfortable old living-room, as Big Brother began:

"It's all Spinster's fault, as usual—one of her efforts to be 'brotherly,' or 'sisterly,' you know."

"Never mind the didactics, Son," interpolated Doctor, "proceed without trimmings; *we* will supply *them*."

"Well, *she* started it anyway," continued the Big One. "It seems that the Everetts are having an anniversary of something or other, and Eloise had invited her in to see the presents. Spinster thought it no more than courteous to go, said we ought not to be 'heathens,' or 'hermits,' even if we are Theosophists. So she dragged us off—Student and me, with Mentor as special guard. We saw the presents and were having a pleasant chat, when the door-bell rang, and this man and his wife—a sweet, pretty woman—arrived on the scene.

"Eloise introduced them as 'Doctor and Mrs. Ponder.' He is a stout little man with a deep voice and an authoritative air; but I thought nothing of this last, having lived with a Doctor for so

many years"—here Big Brother winked at his Mother—"never dreamed for an instant that he was a clergyman.

"Doctor Ponder was soon ably directing the discourse, with occasional deprecating halts as one of us mortals ventured to voice an opinion. Somehow he seemed always to be on the opposite side from us on almost every matter he spoke about. The good Doctor would sonorously outline the topic; Mentor would put in a quiet word or two, showing both sides of the question; the Doctor would insist that there really *was* no other side; Spinster would say something placatory; Mrs. Ponder would swing nobly into the breach in husband's defence.

"Meantime the Doctor got redder and redder, and madder and madder. The Everetts hung timorously and anxiously around the outskirts of the conversation, putting in an inoffensive, deprecating word now and then. Everybody was quite courteous—none of our own Family said or intimated the slightest thing that any normal person could take offense at—we were just free in our comments, as we always are, and expect others to be. I *felt* that something was wrong, but for the life of me couldn't tell what it was. I looked at Mentor; he was serene. I looked at Spinster and Student; they appeared to be ignorant of offence, but somehow unhappy.

"Somebody mentioned an encyclopaedia. I remarked how disappointed I had been in the new set we had purchased, on account of its seeming lack of comprehensive information on subjects I was most interested in. Doctor Ponder descanted on its great value. I remarked that there seemed to be little in it of sympathetic and understanding treatment of some of the modern ethical movements, but that pages were devoted to chronicling the lives and works of ancient English clergymen who had really never caused a ripple on the stream of time. Doctor Ponder almost choked, and then I knew that I had put my foot in it *somehow*—for there was a silence you could cut, all over the room.

"Mentor came to the fore with some matter that included Roosevelt's name. Doctor Ponder cut loose with a scorching arraignment of the Colonel. Mentor quietly presented another view—and you know Mentor never argues, and his smile is like the genial sunshine—but the good Doctor seemed astounded that anybody could hold a contrary opinion after he, the Doctor, had propounded his views. If he was red before, he was purple now; he hitched about in his chair; he opened and closed his hands vigorously on its arms.

"Mrs. Ponder launched into a panegyric on the Doctor's wonderful work in the prohibition agitation. She didn't say which side he was on—I suppose she thought there really *was* only one side—the Doctor's. Mentor remarked how unbrotherly and unchristian it is to try to *force* the ideas of a minority, or a small majority, on the rest of the people. Doctor Ponder is an ardent

prohibitionist, it developed; and was aghast that a decent appearing man like Mentor could give utterance to such sentiments. I said something pleasant. Spinster said something sweet. Mrs. Ponder stubbornly supported her husband, who all but expired from apoplexy in his chair.

"Doctor Ponder noticed that there were smoking utensils on the table. He launched forth into a tirade against smoking. The Doctor declared that smoking on the streets should be penalized by law. *He* didn't like it—no one should be permitted to foul the air *he* had to breathe, with the vile, poisonous odor of the devilish weed. Mentor smiled gently and at last went into combat. He had listened with courtesy to Doctor Ponder's outpourings for nearly an hour, and let him roar unscathed.

" 'Why, Doctor Ponder,' said Mentor quietly, 'I'm sure nobody would puff tobacco-smoke in your face, if he knew you didn't like it.'

" 'Smokers are absolutely conscienceless that way,' declared the Doctor. 'They do it on purpose—and ought to be jailed.'

" 'You don't wear your sign, Doctor,' said Mentor, 'as Smokers do, so it's hardly fair play.'

" 'What do you mean, Sir?' asked Doctor Ponder.

" 'Why, a Smoker wears *his* sign,' answered Mentor earnestly, without a quiver of a smile. 'The pipe, or cigar, or cigarette the Smoker carries is *his* sign, so when you meet him you will know what to expect, and what to avoid. To play fair with the Smoker, you ought to wear *your* sign—something neat and tasty, and easily read, across the breast—I DON'T LIKE TOBACCO-SMOKE—or something like that. Then the Smokers would know your position—and respect it, of course.' "

Big Brother paused for a moment, while his Father joined in the Family's laughter.

"Mentor was just as sober as a judge, all the time," remarked Spinster, "but Oh, how those Everetts *did* work to keep their faces straight!"

"What did Doctor Ponder say?" asked the Doctor.

"Just 'Good night,' " answered Big Brother. "He bounced out of the house like a red-hot coal. And *then* we learned, for the first time, that he was not a medical doctor, but a 'D. D.', the Everetts' Pastor."

"And of all the ashamed looking folks I ever saw," broke in Spinster, "those poor Everetts were the worst! They said they had never seen Doctor Ponder like that before; didn't know what ailed him, and so on."

"Yes," said Big Brother, "and it finally developed that they had never been with him before when *anybody* disagreed with him."

Mentor raised his hand for silence at this, saying, "There is your cue, Children, to poor, well-meaning Doctor Ponder's trouble; and from this cue you can get the lesson involved in the incidents of this evening. And there is something in it for you too, Doctor, if you ever feel yourself getting a bit 'infallible'—for have you ever noticed that physicians, as well as clergymen, are rather apt to be dogmatic in their expressions of opinion?"

Doctor smiled somewhat ruefully, and managed a confirmatory nod.

"Now, these professional men are often not so blameworthy for their attitude as the people who surround them are," continued Mentor. "The clergyman is looked up to, complimented, made much of; and he usually speaks from the platform from week to week, month to month, and year to year—without ever having his statements contradicted or brought into question. Is it any wonder that he soon begins to consider himself a 'fine fellow,' and an undoubted 'authority'? As for the physician, his patients look to him as the final arbiter of their physical destinies and, as a rule, follow without question whatever course he may indicate. Often this is due to a fine quality of gratitude; but the effect on the physician, unless he be a truly modest and well-balanced man, is not advantageous.

"Both clergymen and physicians are in difficult positions, and we must consider this, Boys and Girls, when passing judgment upon the attitude of Doctor Ponder. For myself, I consider we all owe the good Doctor something for this evening's lesson, as well as amusement. He is, in one sense, a vicarious atonement for every one of us, since he has shown us so clearly what *not* to do."

"Why, *his* attitude is no worse than that assumed by some of the present-day Theosophical 'leaders,' is it, Mentor?" asked Big Brother.

"Not nearly so bad, my boy," was the answer. "For one familiar with Theosophy, and the many warnings written down by H. P. B., should *know* better. But it is *so easy* to become pleased with ourselves—egotism grows so subtly—that we must be ever on guard against the encroachments of the personal idea. That is why the impersonal, the permanent, nature must ever be sought after. Assume it in thought. Then think, speak and act from that basis. 'That power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men,' you remember. It is the power of Spirit—and praise or blame affects it not.

"Write out this evening's experience for the Magazine, Spinster, won't you, Dear? It will be valuable for many. Of course, nobody will believe it really happened just as it did; but tell it truthfully—for Doctor Ponder will probably never see it, and it won't hurt him if he ever does."

SPINSTER.

SOME TEACHINGS OF A GERMAN MYSTIC*

V.

FROM SENSITIVE TO INITIATE.

I.

[From the German of J. Kernning.]

RUPPERT was a government justice in the provincial city of E———l. Besides his income he was in possession of a considerable fortune, and therefore, relatively to his colleagues, he lived in handsome style. In the first years of his stay he had married the daughter of an official, and she had borne him three fine children; at the birth of the fourth, which came lifeless into the world, her constitution was so shattered that her life was feared for. She never recovered fully from this; the slightest exertion or excitement affected her nerves, and she often lapsed into a kind of fever that would last several days. The two youngest children, one four and the other five years old, died of a prevailing epidemic in the course of one week. This was a terrible affliction for the parents. The mother took to her bed and was unable to leave it for over three months, and several times her end was believed to be at hand. At last she recovered slowly. Little by little she resumed her share in the household duties, and devoted her entire attention and love to her only remaining child, her daughter Caroline, seven years old.

Nothing for her education was neglected; the mother gave her French lessons herself, and a music-teacher was engaged to come to her daily. He discovered exceptional talents in his pupil, and Caroline made such progress that in her twelfth year she was regarded as a little virtuoso on the piano. She also, besides being thoroughly grounded in the elementary branches, had an excellent knowledge of French; reading, writing, and speaking it.

The father was so delighted with the talents of his daughter that he could not resist the desire to live in the capital, in order to secure for her social advantages that were not to be had in a provincial town. To accomplish this purpose he turned to several of his influential friends. His learning and reputation gave him rank among the prominent men of the country, and therefore his wishes were regarded; six months had not elapsed before his transference to the capital as a member of the superior judicial council.

A new life now began for the family. Ruppert had been brought up in the capital, and felt himself in his native element. He entered with a zest into the current of prevailing enjoyment, and Caroline felt that she was really beginning to live for the first time:

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* This article was first printed by William Q. Judge in *The Path* for July, 1888.

she soon attained such a familiarity with the ways of the upper ranks of society that no one would have detected in her a child of the provinces. Her musical talent naturally contributed much to this result; wherever she went she was welcomed and admired. In this way five years quickly passed, in the course of which the young girl developed a more than ordinary beauty, attracting admirers on every hand.

The son of the President of the Council, named Breithof—the father born in the ranks of the middle class, but honored with various orders and a man of great prominence—devoted himself particularly to Caroline. He was, indeed, betrothed to the daughter of a certain Councillor of Legation, but the charms of Caroline were so much greater that he did the utmost to break his engagement and offer heart and hand to his new love.

Caroline's mother, meanwhile, had in vain been attended by the most skillful physicians of the capital, and was not happy under the new conditions of family life. She was often filled with sorrow when she saw the delight her daughter took in the homage of the world, the poison of pride gradually gaining the ascendancy over the girl's better self. The mother was mostly confined to the sickroom, and could not accompany her child into society, so the father was Caroline's companion on such occasions. She often sighed, "I see my child going wrong before my eyes, and cannot reach out my hand to save her!" She did not, indeed, withhold her maternal counsel, but her voice was not strong enough to prevail against the tumult of the world and the desires of the heart: Caroline grew more and more into social favor, and with each new triumph her thirst for distinction increased.

Ruppert himself was indescribably happy meanwhile. When his wife ventured to express her solicitude concerning their daughter, he declared that it was simply the nervous fears of a sick temperament, and he thought of nothing but to give Caroline, his idolized darling, opportunity for new triumphs. For this reason he welcomed the attentions of young Breithof; he already in imagination saw himself and his daughter moving in the highest circles, and pleased himself with the thought of the honor and admiration which would there be hers.

At last the mother was informed of this proposed betrothal. At first she had nothing to say against it; but when she learned that the young man had broken his former engagement on account of her daughter's charms, she came quickly to a determination. "Breithof can never be your husband," she said to Caroline; "you must not be the object of another's envy and hatred. Your heart must not be made heavy by the tears of an unhappy one, betrayed of her right for your sake. I beg, yes, I command you to part from your lover in all kindness, and sever a connection that would make you unavoidably unhappy."

Caroline heard this command with fear, for the idea of a marriage with Breithof had flattered her pride, to which she had

already made too many sacrifices; her heart was also at stake, for love enchained it even more strongly than she had supposed; therefore she now felt extremely unhappy. Her mother observed the struggle going on in the soul of her child, and pictured to her the consequences of such a union. Caroline wept and promised obedience, but hoping secretly for her father's decision. Things therefore remained as before, but care was taken to conceal the matter from the mother.

But this state of affairs could not last long; Caroline's own feelings often rebelled as she thought of her duplicity towards her mother. She often set out to speak of it, but her courage failed her; at last her mother learned of the deception and wept bitterly over her child's disobedience. "I have become a burden to you," she told Caroline and her father, "but Heaven will soon release you from me, and then you will perceive how you have done me wrong and how well grounded my warnings were."

The daughter's heart grew heavy; she could not console her mother with a word. "Sick people," said the father, "should take care of themselves rather than of other persons." The poor woman at this felt herself most wretched and forsaken. "The lack of love," she sighed, "is the most fearful thing that can befall a family; and this, I feel, will bring me to my grave."

She spoke truly. Her nervous attacks repeated themselves with redoubled force, and after 12 days the physician declared that her case was hopeless. His words suddenly restored peace to the household. Caroline declared that she was her mother's murderer, and refused to leave the bedside of the dying one day or night. Ruppert also was deeply moved. "Wretched pride!", he said to himself, "thou scornest humanity, and then leavest us inconsolable in misfortune." With Caroline he devoted himself to the care of the dying one, but all their pains were fruitless; on the fifteenth day she was stricken with paralysis, and her death was expected every moment.

As she felt her end nigh she reached out her hands and said, "Forgive me, I forgive all. You are blameless of my death. If the estrangement that arose between us brought it on, it was but a deserved fate[1] that overcame me. I am calm now, and I part from you with the tenderest love and shall think of you in my grave. Forget me not, that I may live in your memory. I ask no promise concerning anything; only one thing I beg of you,—do not take hasty action and thus let to remorse be added the reproach of lack of foresight. Your happiness was my wish during life, and it remains my wish in death; with this assurance to you, I shall, in a few minutes, enter the presence of my judge."

The last words were scarcely audible as she fell asleep, never again to awaken.

[1] Her Karma.

We will pass over the events of the funeral, the distress of the daughter, and the sorrow of the father, and confine ourselves to events in the lives of these two. Caroline reproached herself with having so little heeded her mother's voice, and determined that in future she would not so blindly obey the voice of the world. This made her look more carefully to the character of her lover, and she soon had occasion to be convinced that his feelings were not of such an earnest nature as to last through life. The charms of a wealthy young lady fascinated him, and with Caroline he repeated the experience of his first betrothal. This pained her deeply, and thenceforth she turned all her thoughts to the memory of her mother. The perfidy of young Breithof so affected Caroline's father that he cursed the day on which he had removed to the capital. A change came over his household that made it the abode of silence, sorrow, and despondency. All his friends avoided him, and he lived with Caroline a life so retired in the populous city that soon his name was no more heard in the circles of society.

A year passed by, and a remarkable change came over Caroline. She became timid and shy, avoiding the sight of people, and giving herself up to a pensiveness that made her insensible to all external impressions.[1] As her father urged her to tell the cause of her conduct, she said, "I know not how it is with me; I often feel as if benumbed, and then again so excited that the merest trifle startles me. Within me a fire seems to be raging, and at night I hear, when I lie sleepless, noises and voices around me that set my nerves a-quivering and make me feel as if I were in a violent fever."

Her father became deeply concerned on hearing this. He consulted the physician, who held the trouble for somnambulism, but soon observed that entirely other factors were at the bottom of the malady. He prescribed everything that seemed advisable, but in vain. The abnormal condition remained, and the nightly goings-on appeared to increase.

Caroline's illness now underwent a wonderful change; what she had formerly only felt and heard appeared visibly to her. The first occurrence of this kind was on April 4th. Towards evening, as twilight was coming on, she sat in her chamber and thought of the too early death of her mother and her own life's happiness destroyed; all at once there arose a great noise in the room as if the walls were cracking, and tables and chairs moved from their places. She was stricken with fear; she looked about her, and behold! a thick-set man, with brownish face and wild gestures, appeared before her and gazed upon her with fiery eyes. She sought to flee, but for horror she could not move from the spot. The man then spoke. "Why do you disturb me? Let the dead rest, and live joy-

[1] Her senses being dulled to external impressions through an abnormal state of her system brought on by morbid reflections, her perceptions were awakened to a consciousness of certain phases of the inner life, or subjective world, that transcends the bounds of the personality. This state, developed to a greater or less extent, is what constitutes "mediumship," or a condition in which the individual is passively subject to these influences.

fully with the living!" She tried to answer but could not utter a word, and so gave herself over to her fate, fearful that her last moment had come. At last the figure disappeared, a thick cloud gathering before it. Caroline gradually recovered from her fright and rang for a light; when this came she looked carefully all about the room for the cause of the noise and the apparition, but could not discover the slightest trace.

The next day, and the next, the same man appeared in similar circumstances, and she could only rid herself of him by having the presence of mind to ring for a light. Enraged by this, he suddenly stepped before her and said, "Do not stir, or you will pay for it! From this time forth you must lend me your mouth, and I will tell people things that will astonish them." As he said this, a shudder passed over her whole being, and it seemed to her as if he had taken entire possession of her. When it grew dark, lights were brought and she came again to her senses.

The next day she told her father what had happened. All at once the floor gave forth a cracking noise, audible, however, only to her. She became frightened and said, "He is coming now!" Her father seized her hand and said, "Be calm! I am with you." "You are just the right one, too!" were the words that came from Caroline's mouth, but in a rough tone. "My child," cried the astonished father, "recollect yourself, and play no jest with me!" "Jest with you!", was the answer, "who could do that? you are too stupid!"

Ruppert looked at his daughter as if paralyzed, and could scarcely say, "If it is you, Caroline, who are speaking now, beware of your sin! If another power is ruling you, then I know only that God is punishing me fearfully!"

The voice continued its vituperations against both father and daughter; after an hour it ceased, and Caroline was so weak that she had to seek rest. She now lost all courage, and a trustworthy person was secured for her service, to stay with her night and day.

The summer came. Following the doctor's advice, Ruppert went to a pleasure-resort with his daughter to undertake a cure from the waters and divert her with new society, but all without success.

On August 5th, they having returned home, a new circumstance occurred which they hardly knew whether to take for an improvement or an increase of the evil. Caroline was in a garden near the city with her companion, and all at once said to her, "O dear! what can have happened? I can see the stars by daylight."

Her companion was frightened, and, fearing a return of the obsession condition, proposed to go home. They left the garden together, but Caroline on the way home could still see the stars, and even saw them in the house through the ceiling.

"What can be the matter?" she sighed. "Wherefore these apparitions, if not for good? Ah, I daily see, more and more, that I have sinned against my mother. Why was I not true to her teaching? Why did I allow the vanities of the world to blind me?"

"Be still!", suddenly called the voice of the bad spirit, "or I will let you have no more peace. The stars which you see are wandering-lights of your brain; trust them not or tremble!"

After this Caroline scarcely ventured to speak; indeed she even became fearful of her own thoughts, for often the slightest idea aroused the demon and it would break out into cursing loudly. But the stars did not forsake her, and she looked unceasingly for their shimmer in order to receive a stimulus therefrom. One time when their glittering was particularly clear, a sort of cloud formed itself about one of them, the star transformed itself into eyes, and at last a very lovely face which appeared to offer her consolation and hope; she spread out her arms towards it, but in the same moment it disappeared.

She sought to express her joy over this manifestation, but suddenly the rough spirit spoke from within her and made bitter reproaches. In the course of time Caroline had learned to be less fearful of this monster, and was also not so weakened by its influence. Since the appearance of the stars and that lovely face, she gained still more courage and decided not to pay so much attention to the rough fellow in future, but to act according to her own judgment and trust wholly to the lovely vision.

At this decision the bad spirit made a powerful noise. A confusion arose as if the house would tumble down, but Caroline said, "I have got used to your actions and will not let myself be influenced by them." Thereupon he again took possession of her mouth and broke out in loud curses.

In the forenoon of Sept. 7th Caroline again saw the lovely figure coming out of a cloud. She did not let her eyes leave it for a moment, and listened intently that she might hear if it said anything; at last she seemed to hear these words, "Have heed, I am taking possession of you!" Thereupon she felt her heart tenderly moved; she felt so well that she shed grateful tears. The lovely

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[1] Both of these "spirits" were in reality *elementals*, energized by her physical nature, from which a certain powerful force was liberated in consequence of her abnormal condition. This force clothes itself with, or manifests itself in the guise of, either the imaginings of the sensitive—in which case it is analogous to the action of dreams,—or the imaginings of other persons, or of the images of objects or persons living or dead impressed upon the astral light, and even perhaps the elementaries of the dead. These are endowed with a temporary, but false, personality, having no real life apart from the mind of the person whose forces gave them being. But feeding upon the vitality of that person, they more and more subvert and dominate the real self of the one who passively submits to their influences, and who, by the sacrifice of power, becomes less and less able to resist, finally ending in insanity or death. In this lies the danger of mediumship, a danger to which students of Theosophy cannot be too much alive. The emotions and passions arise in this elemental force, and whoever gives way to anger, for instance, is temporarily insane, a "medium" who yields his real self to the domination of an elemental of his own creation. An adept generates this force consciously, and uses it as the skilled man uses any instrument he may have at command. He knows how to feed and sustain it, but it does not feed upon him. "The animal in man, elevated, is a thing unimaginable in its great powers of service and of strength," says *Through the Gates of Gold*, and those who read the foregoing aright will perceive a high significance in the closing portion of that noble work.

spirit now took possession of her mouth, and spoke with a soft and pleasant voice consoling and elevating words.

"Maintain me within thyself," it spoke from Caroline's mouth, "and let me not be driven out by that bad spirit that is endeavoring to drag thee down into the depths." She had scarcely spoken this when the bad spirit began to stir, and the heart and the mouth of the afflicted one appeared to be the battle-fields upon which the two spirits within her had established themselves and entered upon a conflict. She felt this, and at last she spoke with resignation, "As God will! Him will I trust and never forsake him."[1]

(To be continued.) B.

PREMATURE AND PHENOMENAL GROWTHS*

A RUSSIAN Theosophist in a letter dated November, 1883, writes as follows:—

The Petersburg and Moscow papers are greatly concerned with the miraculous growth of a child, which has been scientifically recorded by Medical papers. On the outskirts of Siberia, in a small village, in the family of a peasant named Savelieff, a daughter was born in October, 1881. The child, though very large at its birth, began exhibiting a phenomenal development only at the age of three months when she began teething. At five months she had all her teeth; at seven she began to walk, and at eight walked as well as any of us, pronounced words as might only a child two years old, and measured—nearly a yard in her height! When eighteen months old she spoke fluently, stood one arshene and a half (over four feet) in her stockings, was proportionately large; and with her very dark face, and long hair streaming down her back, talking as only a child 12 years old could talk, she exhibited moreover a bust and bosom as developed as those of a girl of seventeen! She is a marvel to all who know her from her birth. The local board of physicians from the neighbouring town took charge of her for scientific purposes."

We find the fact corroborated in the *Moscow Gazette,* the paper giving us, moreover, a second instance just come under the notice of science, of another such phenomenal growth.

"A Herr Schromeyer of Hamburg, has a son, born in 1869—now a boy of 13, and his tenth child. From his birth he arrested every one's attention by his *supernaturally* rapid development. Instead of damaging, it seemed but to improve his health, which has

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[1] See Foot-note 1 on page 324.

* This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for Dec.-Jan., 1883-84.

been always excellent. A few months after his birth his muscular system increased so much, that when one year old his voice began to lose its childish tones and changed. Its deep basso attracted very soon the attention of some physicians. Soon after, his beard grew, and it became so thick as to compel his parents to shave it every two or three days. His infantine features, *very dark,* were gradually replaced by the face of an adult, and at five he was mistaken by every stranger for a young man of twenty. His limbs are normal, strictly proportionate and very fine. At six he was a full grown and perfectly developed young man. Professor Virchoff, the celebrated physiologist, accompanied by several learned authorities, examined the boy several times, and is reported, when doubt as to the age of the boy had become no longer possible—to have given his certificate to the effect that the young boy was entirely and fully developed."

A similar case took place in a Georgian family of Asiatics, at Tiflis in the year 1865. A boy of four was found to have become a full adult. He was taken to the hospital and lived there under the eye of the Government physicians, who subjected him to the most extraordinary experiments,—of which, most likely, he died at the age of seven. His parents—superstitious and ignorant people—had made several attempts to kill him, under the impression he was the devil incarnate. There remains to this day a photograph of this bearded baby in the writer's family. Two other cases—nearly similar—the consequences of which were that two cousins in a village of Southern France, became respectively father and mother at the age of eight and seven, are on record in the Annals of Medicine. Such cases are rare; yet we know of more than a dozen well authenticated instances of the same from the beginning of this century alone.

We are asked to explain and give thereupon our "occult views." We will try an explanation. We ask no one to believe; we simply give our personal opinion identical with that of other occultists. The latter statement, however, necessitates a small preface.

Every race and people has its old legends and prophecies concerning an unavoidable "End of the world," the pious portions of civilized Christian nations having, moreover, evoluted in advance a whole programme for the destruction of our planet. Thus the Millenarians of America and Europe expect an instantaneous disintegration of our earth, followed by a sudden disappearance of the wicked and the survival of the few elect. After this catastrophe, we are assured, the latter will remain in the service of "Christ, who upon his new advent will personally reign on earth a thousand years"—(on its *astral* skeleton, of course, since its physical body will have disappeared.) The Mohamedans give out another tale. The world's destruction will be preceded by the advent of an *Imam,* whose presence alone will cause the sudden death of the whole unclean brood of *Kaffirs;* the promised "Heaven" of Mo-

hamed will then shift down its head quarters, and the paradisaical *Houris* will roam about at the service of every faithful son of the Prophet. Hindus and Buddhists have again a different version; the former believe in the *Kalki* Avatar and the latter in the advent of Maitreya Buddha. The *true* Occultist however—whether Asiatic or European (the latter still to be found, *rara avis* though he be) has a doctrine to this effect, which he has hitherto kept to himself. It is a theory, based on the correct knowledge of the *Past* and the never failing analogy in Nature to guide the Initiate in his prevision of future events—were even his psychic gifts to be denied and refused to be taken into account.

Now, what the Occultists say, is this: humanity is on the descending pathway of its cycle. The rear-guard of the 5th race is crossing slowly the apex of its evolution and will soon find itself having passed the turning point. And, as the descent is always more rapid than the ascent, men of the new coming (the 6th) race are beginning to drop in occasionally. Such children regarded in our days by official science as exceptional monstrosities, are simply the pioneers of that race. There is a prophecy in certain Asiatic old books couched in the following terms, the sense of which we may make clearer by adding to it a few words in brackets.

And as the fourth (race) was composed of Red-yellow which faded into Brown-white (bodies), so the fifth will fade out into white-brown (the white races becoming gradually darker). The sixth and seventh *Manushi* (men?) will be born adults; and will know of no old age, though their years will be many. As the Krita, Treta, Dvapara and Kali (ages) have been each decreasing in excellence (physical as well as moral) so the ascending—Dvapara, Treta, and Krita will be increasing in every excellence. As the life of man lasted 400 (years in the first, or Krita Yuga), 300 (years in Treta), 200 (years in Dvapara) and 100 (in the present Kali age); so in the next (the 6th Race) (the natural age of man) will be (gradually increased) 200, then 300 and 400 (in the two last yugas)."

Thus we find* from the above that the characteristics of the race that will follow ours are—a darker skin, shortened period of infancy and old age, or in other words a growth and development that in the present age (to the profane) appear quite miraculous.

It is not the sacred legends of the East alone that throw out hints on the future physiology of man. The Jewish Bible (See Genesis, Chap. vi. verse 4) implies as much, when speaking of antediluvian races (the 3rd race) it tells us, "There were giants in the earth, in those days," and makes a distinct difference between "the sons of God," and "the daughters of man." Therefore, to us, Occultists, believers in the knowledge of old, such isolated instances of premature development, are but so many more proofs of the end of one cycle and—the beginning of another.

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* The seven Rounds decrease and increase in their respective durations, as well as the seven races in each. Thus the 4th Rounds as well as every 4th race are the shortest, while the 1st and 7th Round as the 1st and 7th root races are the longest.

CORRESPONDENCE*

"THE EMPTY VESSEL MAKES THE GREATEST SOUND."

Miss Susie C. Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass., says in substance:

"I am a mental healer . . . Of late rumours reach me of prominent theosophists who are confirmed invalids, of others who use quinine for ailments, not scorning to lean on the arm of the servant—matter—when the infinite resources of the Master (Spirit) are at their command. Even LUCIFER countenances the use of mineral and other remedies. If the 'Truth maketh free' why not free from all physical bondage? Why are we, on the lower rounds of the ladder, freer than those who have climbed higher? I have been raised from invalidism to immaculate health." She then goes on to ask us for our views on what she calls "metaphysical thought" in America, and wishes us to exclude what is known there as "Christian Science," on the ground that it "has not yet grown to recognise or to hold to proper conceptions of the Wisdom Religion."

ANSWER. This reply is not exhaustive of the subject but will cover the inquiry. We cannot give the "views" asked for, since it is not clear what is wanted. The correspondent speaks of "metaphysical thought" evidently meaning the strained use made in America of the term. As we do not wish to pronounce on this without experience on the spot, the writer's wish cannot be gratified. But we cannot help noticing that she claims for her branch of this so-called "Science" a pre-eminence over a rival in the field, namely "Christian Science," the latter being, the same as the other however, except that it is more or less closely attached to Christianity. As our correspondent infers that because she has been cured "the infinite resources of the Master are at her command," those resources and that Master (or Spirit) could easily show her that Christian Science is just as good as her own.

We know little of either, except, perhaps, that both show an arrogance in their supposed superiority over Science, Theosophy, and everything else in creation with results that do not seem to us proportionate with the loud claims made. We have received, however, a letter from a prominent Christian Scientist who is as distinguished a metaphysician as she is a valuable and good theosophist; and we mean to treat of it at length in our next number. Meanwhile, we must reply a few words to Miss S. Clark's queries.

The main question with her is, why do prominent, or any, theosophists use medicine for cure of disease? We think all theosophists have the right to do so or not, as theosophy is not a system of diet, or that which is simply to help our bodies, but is a metaphysical and ethical system intended to bring about among men a right thought to be followed by action. There are deep questions involved in the matter: deeper than our correspondent

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* This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for January, 1889.

will solve in one life. We have no objections against anyone getting cured in any way they think good, but we have decided objections to "mind-curers" or "metaphysicians," taking theosophists to task for not adopting their system and at once discarding all remedies. They argue that because they were thus cured, others must go the same road. This is our present difference with mental healers, and our correspondent should know that theosophists grant to all the right to use or dispense with medicine and claim for themselves similar privileges. They do not meddle with other persons' liberty of thought, and demand the same independence for themselves.

Evidently Miss Clark has not reflected that "prominent theosophists" use medicine because of some bearings of Karma upon their lives and on account of its occult properties; nor has she, apparently, thought of what is called "delayed Karma"; nor that, perhaps, through too much attention to her body she is reaping a temporary enjoyment now, for which, in subsequent lives, she will have to pay; nor that again, by using her mind so strangely to cure her body she may have removed her infirmities from the plane of matter to that of the mind; the first effects of which we can trace dimly in her strictures on "Christian Science," as she has acquired a slant, as it were, against the latter and in favour of her own, and a tone of lofty superiority with the Theosophists.

The claim that "the infinite resources of the Master" are within our present reach is not tenable, and the use of the text, "Truth shall make us free," to show freedom from ills is not permissible. At any rate, *truth* does not seem to have made *all* mental Scientists free from conceit and prejudice. The man who uttered the words had, himself, a certain infirmity, and we think freedom of mind and soul is meant only. The acceptance of Truth and the practice of virtue cannot avert Karma waiting from other lives, but can produce good effects in lives to come, and what the extreme practice of mental curing does is to stave off for a time an amount of Karma which will, later on, reach us. We prefer to let it work out naturally through the material part of us and to expel it quickly if we may with even mineral remedies. But for all that we have no quarrel with mental healing at all, but leave each one to his or her own judgment.

Finally we would say that whenever it shall be proved to us and the world in general that among all the hosts of Mental curers, Mind healers, Christian Scientists, *et hoc genus omne*, there is even a large *majority* in *perfect bodily health*, instead of as at present only a minority, though a noisy and boastful one—then will we admit the justice of the arrogant claims made by our correspondent.

Cures—real, undeniable cures have been effected at Lourdes also, but is that any reason why we should all become Roman Catholics?

> "When you begin with so much pomp and show,
> Why is the end so little and so low?"

DISAPPEARANCE OF ASCETICS AT WILL*

WE often read of Yogees and Rishees disappearing on a sudden; a moment before, they were speaking to a king or his ministers, their mission ends and they disappear. How could they do so? Did they appear in their Mayâvi Rupa? Could they dissolve their physical bodies at will and re-form them? I was often confronted by these questions but could not answer satisfactorily; many of our Saints have thus disappeared, a few even after the Mahommedan Conquest of India. One was seen to enter a temple for the apparent purpose of worship, but was never seen to come out again; the temple had but one door and no windows; he was living near the temple long since—in his physical body; his work ended, he disappeared on a sudden.

2. Now it must be understood that in all such phenomena what is absolutely necessary is a developed and trained will and a strong power of concentration practised for a long time. The Yogi simply hypnotizes the persons present and passes out unobserved. To a person thus trained it is only necessary to concentrate on the thought that his body is without a rupa, and as a strong-scented essence when opened in the midst of an assembly affects all present, that focalized thought sends out rays on all sides and affects or hypnotizes those standing near; and they do not see the Yogî, though he might pass by them or be close to them. That this can happen has been already proved in France and other places by hypnotic experiments.

3. But no such successful concentration is possible without preliminary training, without long practice. In those days they never tried to know something of every thing, but each tried to *excel in that which appeared best suited to his nature.*

4. The Yogees in those days mixed more freely with men, and perhaps the conditions were more favorable then. It was only after the battle of Kuru Kshettra and the death of Sree Krishna that they retired to thenceforth live in a secluded sacred spot where the influence of the Black Age would not be felt.

5. And now Antardhanam, as such disappearance is called, is no longer regarded by our Indians, educated in the science of the West, as belonging to the realm of truth and reality, until western hypnotism, a monster infant of occult laws, shows them that Antardhanam is not an impossibility after all.

6. But that power of Concentration, that preliminary training are no longer to be found in us. We aim at knowing all about everything, can talk on a variety of subjects which must have be-

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* This article was first printed by William Q. Judge in *The Path* for January, 1894.

wildered many a sage, had they been living still, and we are always *active* and talking, and imagine that we are progressing.

7. Thus in the Yoga Sutra of Patanjali we find in the twenty-first Sutra of Bibhuti Padu that on concentrating on the rupa of our body, its visibility being suspended, there is no more union with the power of seeing, and Antardhanam is accomplished. Now it must be understood that in order that we might see an object three things are necessary, viz.: 1. The visibility of the object; 2. Our power to see; and 3. The union of the two. If, for instance, there be no transparent media between our eyes and the object to be seen, the first condition is wanting and we do not see it; if, again, the object is visible but our eyesight is not strong enough, we do not see it because condition No. 2 is not fulfilled. It sometimes happens that being deeply absorbed in thinking we sometimes do not see an object though perfectly visible to us and our eyes directed towards it; in this case there is no union between the two. To make an object invisible, therefore, we should cut off this *union;* in order to do this, the minds of others must be affected, and this is done by a trained and concentrated will.

KALI PRASANNA MUKHERJI.

Barakar, India, September 10, 1893.

ED. NOTE.—The aphorism of Patanjali on the subject of this article is No. 21, Book II, and in the American edition reads as follows:

By performing concentration in regard to the properties and essential nature of form, especially of the human body, the ascetic acquires the power of causing the disappearance of his corporeal frame from the sight of others, because thereby its property of being apprehended by the eye is checked, and that property of sattva which exhibits itself as luminousness is disconnected from the spectator's organ of sight.

In the old edition and in that published later by M. N. Dvivedi, the word used for concentration is sanyama. This is to be translated as concentration, and also "restraint", which comes to the same thing. The aphorism raises the issues made by modern science that no disappearance is possible if the object be in line with a normal eye and there be light and the like. Hypnotism has for some made the modern view a little doubtful, but many deny hypnotism, and the cases of disappearance in those experiments have all been but disappearances for the senses of but one person who is admittedly under some influence and is not normal in organ and function. The author cites alleged cases of complete disappearance of ascetics from the sight of normal persons normally exercising their senses. It is not a case of hypnotism collectively or otherwise, but should be distinguished from all such. In hypnotic cases normal function is abated and the mind imposed with an inhibiting idea or picture which seems real in action to the subject. In the cases of the ascetics there is left to those about perfect

control of their organs and senses, the powerful mental action of the ascetic bringing into play another law, as indicated in the aphorism, which prevents the senses, however normal, from seeing the form of the ascetic. Form, it is held by the occultists of the school to which Patanjali must have belonged, is an illusion itself, which remains for the generality of people because they are subject to a grand common limitation due to the non-development of other than the usual senses. It would seem that all clairvoyance might prove this, as in that it is known by the seer that every form visible to our eye has extensions and variations in the subtler parts of its constitution which are not visible on the material plane. The illusionary nature of form in its essence being meditated on, one becomes able, it is held, to check the "luminousness of *sattva*" and thus prevent sight. This does not mean that ordinary light is obstructed, but something different. All light, gross or fine, is due to the universal *sattva,* which is one of the qualities of the basis of manifested nature. And besides showing as ordinary light, it is also present, unseen by us it is true, but absolutely necessary for any sense-perception of that sort, whether by men, animals, or insects. If the finer plane of this luminousness is obstructed, the ordinary light is none the less, but the result will be that no eye can see the body of that person whose mind is operative at the time to cause the obstruction of the luminous quality mentioned. This may seem labored, but it is in consequence of our language and ideas that such is the case. I have known some cases in the West of disappearances similar to those mentioned by the foregoing article, and in *Secret Doctrine* and, I think, *Isis Unveiled* are some references to the matter where the author says the power conferred by this is wonderful as well as full of responsibility. While very likely no Theosophist or scientist will be able to use this power, still the cases cited and the explanation will go towards showing that the ancient Rishees knew more of man and his nature than moderns are prone to allow, and it may also serve to draw the attention of the mind of young Indians who worship the shrine of modern science to the works and thoughts of their ancestors.

ON THE LOOKOUT

Mr. H. G. Wells has attained deserved fame for fiction that is interesting. Doubtless had he been a scientist instead of a novelist, he would be the colossus of the age, for he has real imagination, and his theories as a scientist would be no more false and much more lively reading than the current productions of the men of letters among the various scientific bodies—"men of letters," we surmise because of their alphabetical appendices. In "First Men of the Moon," Mr. Wells writes, for instance:

> "The insect type of anatomy has, fortunately for man, never exceeded a relatively very small size on earth. On the moon, owing to

lesser gravitation, a creature certainly as much insect as vertebrate seems to have been able to attain to human and ultra-human proportions. . . .

"All seemed to present an incredible exaggeration of some particular feature; one had a vast right forelimb, an enormous antennal arm, at it were; one seemed all leg, poised, as it were, on stilts; another protruded an enormous nose-like organ beside a shapely speculative eye that made him startlingly human until one saw his expressionless mouth. The eyes were strangely varied—some quite elephantine in their alertness, some huge pits of darkness."

Far be it from us to hazard that Mr. Wells may have been having his little English joke at certain respectable and eminent F. R. A. S., whose fictions are printed from time to time as scientific contributions—fictions not nearly so plausible and certainly not nearly so entertaining. Astronomical observers having for the moment grown weary of Mars and Venus, are writing of the possibilities of life on the moon, at any rate, and they may as well have drawn their inspiration from Mr. Wells as from anything observable through a telescope. Their alleged basis, however, is the change observed in various portions of the moon's surface which "might" proceed from the action of living beings.

Students of Theosophy find the moon a fascinating subject for consideration due to the hints thrown out by H. P. B. concerning the "mother of the earth." Those hints make it certain that the only changes going on on the moon are those of disintegration, and that the moon is gradually dissolving. The planet is said to be a "corpse" and without organic life, and so old a book as the *Bhagavad-Gita* makes the affirmation that the life that is there is astral and certain shades of men are declared to go for their post-mortem sojourn to the "regions of the moon." Perhaps in sober fact Mr. Wells, without realizing it, was looking in the "lunar," *i. e.*, astral, light and seeing some of the stuff and shapes of which dreams are made.

Prof. Thomas C. Chamberlin, head of the department of geology of the University of Chicago, has published, under the title of "The Origin of the Earth," a new theory of the genesis of the planet colloquially known as the "earth." Essentially, his theory is paralleled by the coral reefs: he thinks the building of the earth originated through the "progressive growth of cellular matter." Later on aggregations of this cellular matter formed the earliest organic structures, and so on down to the complex and hetereogeneous structures of today. Although the learned professor is personally of the opinion that "what we regard as merely material is at the same time spiritual," he is still tethered to the ancient scientific guess that "what we call the living" emerges "from the inorganic."

Biologically speaking, all scientific theories belong to the order of the ephemeridæ. They are so short-lived that not merely does each generation hatch a new swarm from the larvæ of the old, but he is not really of the order *pour la merite* among scientific bodies who does not emanate at least two "working hypotheses" in his day. The facts so laboriously accumulated by our scientists form a respectable cenotaph, and for their efforts in that direction they are entitled to all praise. What wearies the patience of the genuine devotee of knowledge is that the "facts" discovered by scientific students are "as three grains of wheat hidden in three bushels of chaff" of pure speculation, and the whole presented as the bread of wisdom to the popular mind. Yet the winds of fate are none the less every day blowing these unwilling Columbuses nearer the new-old wisdom of the ancients. Some student fifty years hence, reading these lines, will wonder, perhaps, how the scientists of the early twentieth century could have been so blind as not to grasp intuitively the truth of the great statement in the *Secret Doctrine,* which we here set down in contrast to Professor Chamberlin's *cul-de-sac* of inductive fancy:

"The worlds, to the profane, are built up of the known elements.

To the conception of an Arhat, these Elements are themselves collectively a divine Life; distributively, on the plane of manifestations, the numberless and countless crores of lives. Every visible thing in this Universe was built by such LIVES, from conscious and divine primordial man down to the unconscious agents that construct matter."

Theosophical students everywhere must have read with interest a published article by Horatio Bottomley, the well-known Englishman, under the question caption, "Are They Really Dead?" The salient idea of Mr. Bottomley is thus expressed:

> "Putting all legend and allegory on one side, I am convinced that the universe is permeated by an ocean of vital force—life fluid—which is ever flying into and out of (at birth and death) every living thing, vivifying, magnetizing it, according to its receptivity. . . . It lasts until the magnet gives out, and then flies back, unaltered, to the great sea. It is never lost, and in that sense the soul of the meanest living thing is immortal. . . . The great store of life force is always tending toward a higher or a lower degree of divinity. In other words, until all mankind is exalted to a true nobility of character, we can never, in the hackneyed phrase of the churches, enter the Kingdom of God."

Mr. Bottomley speaks of the "Buddhist doctrine of Karma," but does not grasp the fact of reincarnation, without which the idea of Karma is meaningless. And he is profoundly awed by the scientific repute of Sir Oliver Lodge, so that "I dare not question the validity of evidence that has satisfied one of the most brilliant of modern scientific minds." This position, a common one, and the groundwork of all religious superstition and dogmatism, is not, to our mind, distinguishable from that of Hamlet's courtiers, who saw in the clouds whatever Hamlet saw. They also "dared not question." Yet Mr. Bottomley says "the soul demands surer comfort than is to be found in hackneyed Scripture texts, in dogmas unverified, in icy formularies and stony creeds. Faith must be fed with knowledge. Hope must be founded in fact." Pity it is, that the soul seeking comfort should content itself in the grovelings of necromancy, and any faith take for knowledge the froth of psychism. The rudderless grief of the myriads bereft of loved ones by the present war cries aloud to all theosophists to work without ceasing for the spread of the soul-satisfying doctrines of the Wisdom-Religion. If we credit the all-embracing love and knowledge of the Masters, we must feel that They knew what need would arise in the race, and gave Theosophy into our hands to spread broadcast, not to hoard in the selfish hands of indifferent students.

Astronomers have been utterly unable to find out whence come the comets. Some think they have been flung off from some giant whirling nebula, others that they have been shot out by some big star like Sirius, but all agree that they come from unknown immeasurable distances in space. They all appear to have peculiar orbits, either parabolic or hyperbolic, and those which have entered our own solar system are more or less affected by the influence of one or another of the planets or the sun. Their periodicity is variable and has never been accurately ascertained, but comes under laws of motion—of attraction and repulsion—not known, and differing from the orderly procession of the inhabitants of our solar family. Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and more particularly Jupiter, are said to have at one time and another "annexed" various comets entering our system of worlds. Jupiter is credited with holding some thirty comets prisoner in a somewhat lunar manner. So much we gather from Prof. Serviss.

It is of interest to contrast the statements of the *Secret Doctrine* with the observations and speculations of modern astronomical students. It is there stated that "the essence of cometary matter is totally different from any of the chemical or physical characteristics with which the greatest

chemists and physicists of the earth are familiar." Yet the Esoteric Doctrine "recognizes the comets as forms of cosmic existence co-ordinated with earlier stages of nebular evolution," and it assigns *"to them chiefly* the formation of all worlds." For, "being scattered in space, without order or system, the World-Germs (Nebulæ of former periods of evolution) come into frequent collision until their final aggregation, after which they become Wanderers (comets). Then the battles and struggles begin. The older bodies attract the younger, while others repel them. *Many perish, devoured by their stronger companions.* Those that escape become worlds." To put it briefly, "the curds in space become comets; these become stars; and the stars (the centres of vortices) *our sun and planets."* The shortcomings of modern *physical* theories of the origin of comets, planets, and all the embodiments in space are indicated by the statement, "A cosmogonical theory, to become complete and comprehensible, has to start with a Primordial Substance diffused throughout boundless space, *of an intellectual and divine nature."* And it is this inherent divine and intellectual nature that modern science persistently derides or ignores, and for the lack of the perception of which great truth, modern scientists are themselves intellectual comets wandering in the spaces of their imagination for theories to account for known facts, and compelled from time to time—almost from day to day—by collisions with those facts to change their "parabolic and hyperbolic" orbits of speculation.

The defendants in the late prosecution in England for conspiracy to poison Lloyd George, were represented at the trial by a Hindu lawyer. According to the news reports this advocate astonished the court and spectators by proposing that the accused be "tried by the ordeal of fire," to determine their guilt or innocence. Most Americans and Europeans are familiar with the accounts that have come down from the middle ages, of accused persons being put to the test of walking over hot plowshares, or handling red-hot iron. If they came out unscathed they were accounted innocent, but if burned or scorched, divine justice was considered to have branded them with their guilt. The belief that innocence carries its own means of grace and efficacy against unjust accusations is as old as humanity. The Institutes of Manu, the most ancient dissertation on Law, takes account of it and prescribes similar ordeals. It was familiar in ancient Egypt, and to this day is practised amongst various tribes in Africa and Polynesia. Hebrew scriptures and traditions refer to it, and "tried as by fire" is a familiar phrase traceable to the same source. It is the degradation, or perversion, of the actual ordeal that each human soul undergoes at every instant, where every act must meet the fiery ordeal of the indwelling conscience. "My conscience is clear," is the polluted affirmation often used to indicate that a questioned action has been submitted to the ordeal of "the fire of spiritual knowledge." The "ordeal by fire" fell into desuetude, not only because it was a false method of determining guilt or innocence, but because improperly influenced judges let the iron grow cold before submitting guilty but powerful persons to the trial, just as the various forms of religious "indulgences" have made of conscience an *auto de fe,* so that an oath upon one's conscience is no longer efficacious.

In 1888 Madame Blavatsky addressed a letter to the American Theosophists which, looked at after thirty years of history, can be seen to have been written with clear prevision of the world's dangers and of the guardian work necessary to be carried on by all devoted students of the great philosophy she promulgated. We have written of the perverted streams of energy turned into the channels of psychism and astral intoxication, both by theosophical writers and by men high in the intellectual and scientific esteem of mankind. Sir Oliver Lodge with his pitiful necromantic dabblings through mediums is an example of the one, and Elsa Barker's books with their vapid rehashes of spiritualistic "communications" is a tepid illustration of the other. These books have circulated by the scores of thousands and filled the columns of the press, with commendations, comments and speculations. They serve

to show how wide-spread is now become that danger which H. P. B. wrote that the Theosophical Society was founded to minimize. She said:

> "It was intended to stem the current of materialism, and also that of spiritualistic phenomenonalism and the worship of the Dead. It had to guide the spiritual awakening that has now begun, and not to pander to psychic cravings which are but another form of materialism. For by 'materialism' is meant not only an anti-philosophical negation of pure spirit, and, even more, materialism in conduct and action,—brutality, hypocrisy, and above all, selfishness,—but also the fruits of a disbelief in all but material things, a disbelief which has increased enormously during the last century, and which has led many, after a denial of all existence other than that in matter, into a blind belief in the *materialization of Spirit.*"

For twenty-five years the largest of the theosophical societies and the one with which the general public is most familiar, has done little else than "pander to psychic cravings," so that the good it was intended to do has been transformed into a positive evil. The American and English Societies for Psychical Research have made respectable by a semi-scientific sanction all the evils of mediumship. Gradually more and more men of scientific repute and real ability are being drawn into the maelstrom of astral delusions. "Brutality, hypocrisy, and above all, selfishness," reign in commerce, finance, industry and politics, and have found their fit culmination in the ghastly atrocities of highly specialized and civilized warfare. Great "Foundations" furnish the means for the diligent prosecution of the infamies of vivisection on the dumb brutes; proponents of birth-control, eugenics, mental healing, "will-power," and the like, riot their infections in the name of all that is most holy and sacred. What are all these things but "a blind belief in the materialization of Spirit?" These things are the final fruits of a religion that is superstition and a science that is materialism—the saturnalia following on the divorce of intellect from soul.

Quite in line with the juggernauth of science in other lines of effort is the unspeakable quest for the extraction and injection of serums and lymphs to restore the vitiated human animal to a condition for further orgies of misuse of his divine powers. Just now the eager specialists of the University of California are mad with experiments to extract the "vital principle" of the pituitary body, from which they hope to procure the means to increase the size, longevity and physical and mental vigor of the race. That the organs of the body have other functions and purposes than the purely animal, or that spirituality cannot be attained by chemical extracts and processes, is to the scientific mind pure fallacy and exploded superstition. It enters into the holy of holies of the pscho-physiological structure with no other thought or purpose than to extract new means of "power and enjoyment."

Students of H. P. B. are witnessing in every channel of human effort the immediate effects of that inrush "of the muddy torrents of Kama-loka" of which she wrote. All the divine powers in the being of man are being used to degrade his soul by making it the slave of his senses. The god in man, degraded, is a thing unspeakable in its infamous power of production. The god, deformed and disguised, waits on the animal and feeds it. This is the materialization of Spirit. Nothing can counteract it, nothing can overcome it, but the restoration of the God in man to his rightful sovereignty. It is for this that H. P. B. brought the soul-satisfying doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation and their practical application in the First Object of the true Theosophical Society—Universal Brotherhood, and Altruism *in actu*, not merely in name. Never was the opportunity more wide-spread and the need more universal for the great doctrines of the Wisdom-Religion. Who recognizes this is the true Theosoph, the true servant of the Masters, the true Friend of the human race.